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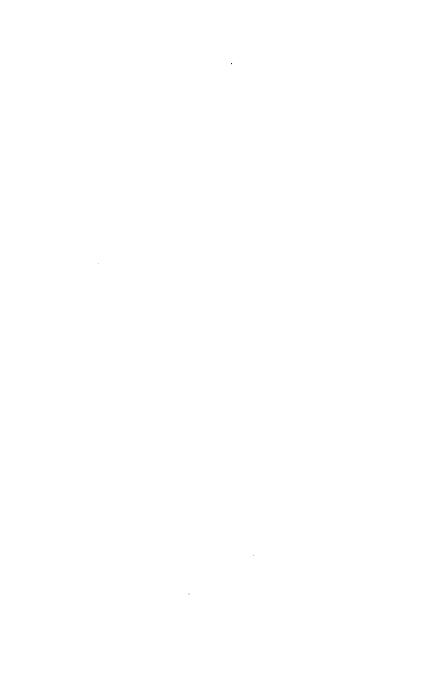




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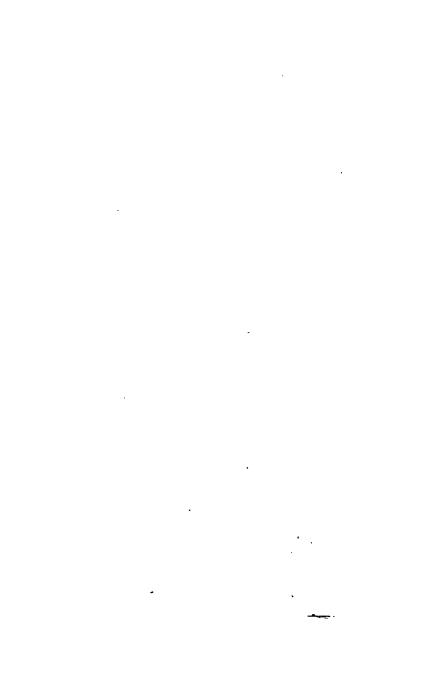


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Feb. 19. 4

MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES.

Southern District of New-York, st.

DE IT REMEMBERED, That on the twenty-sixth day of May, in the forty-ninth year of the Independence of the United States of America, William B. Gilley, of the said District, has deposited in this office the title of a book, the right whereof he claims as proprietor, in the words following to wit:

"Melodies, Songs. Sacred Songs, and National Airs.—By Thomas Moore, Esq.—Now first collected and arranged, and containing many never before published."

In conformity to the Act of Congress of the United States, entitled "An Act for the encouragement of Learning by securing the copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the time therein mentioned." And also to an Act, entitled "An Act, supplementary to an Act, entitled an Act for the encouragement of Learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned, and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints."

JAMES DILL, Clerk of the Southern District of New-York.

MELODIES,

SONGS,

SACRED SONGS,

AND

National Airs.

By THOMAS MOORE, Esq.

Now first collected and arranged,

MANY NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.

NEW-YORK:
W. B. GILLEY, 92 BROADWAY.
1825.

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IRISH MELODIES.

Go where glory waits thee.

Air-Maid of the Valley.

Go where glory waits thee; But, while fame elates thee, Oh! still remember me.

When the praise thou meetest To thine ear is sweetest,

Oh! then remember me. Other arms may press thee, Dearer friends caress thee, All the joys that bless thee

Sweeter far may be; But when friends are nearest, And when joys are dearest,

Oh! then remember me.

When, at eve, thou rovest, By the star thou lovest,

Oh! then remember me.
Think, when home returning,
Bright we've seen it burning,

Oh! then remember me.

Oft, as summer closes,
When thine eye reposes
On its lingering roses,
Once so lov'd by thee,
Think of her who wove them;
Her who made thee love them;
Oh! then remember me.

When, around thee, dying,
Autumn leaves are lying,
Oh! then remember me:
And, at night, when gazing
On the gay hearth blazing,
Oh! still remember me.
Then should music stealing
All the soul of feeling,
To thy heart appealing,
Draw one tear from thee;
Then let mem'ry bring thee
Strains I us'd to sing thee;
Oh! then remember me.

War Song.

Air-Molly Macalpin.

Remember the glories of Brien the brave, ¹
Though the days of the hero are o'er;
Though, lost to Moronia, and cold in the grave, ²
He returns to Kinkora no more! ³

That star of the field, which so often has pour'd Its beam on the battle, is set; But enough of its glory remains on each sword To light us to victory yet!

Mononia; when nature embellish'd the tint
Of thy fields, and thy mountains so fair,
Did she ever intend that a tyrant should print
The footstep of Slavery there?
No, Freedom, whose smile we shall never resign,
Go, tell our invaders, the Danes,
That 'tis sweeter to bleed for an age at thy shrine
Than to sleep but a moment in chains!

Forget not our wounded companions, who stood⁴
In the day of distress by our side;
While the moss of the valley grew red with their blood,
They stirr'd not, but conquer'd and died!
The sun, that now blesses our arms with his light,
Saw them fall upon Ossory's plain:—
Oh! let him not blush, when he leaves us to-night,
To find that they fell there in vain!

Erin! the tear and the smile in thine eyes.

Air-Aileen Aroon.

Erin! the tear and the smile in thine eyes Blend like the rainbow that hangs in the skies; Shining through sorrow's stream, Sadd'ning through pleasure's beam, Thy sons, with doubtful gleam, Weep while they rise!

Erin! thy silent tear never shall cease,
Erin! thy languid smile ne'er shall increase,
Till, like the rainbow's light,
Thy various tints unite,
And form, in Heaven's sight,
One arch of peace!

Oh! breathe not his name.

Air-The Brown Maid.

Oh! breathe not his name—let it sleep in the shade, Where cold and unhonour'd his relics are laid! Sad, silent, and dark, be the tears that we shed, As the night-dew that falls on the grass o'er his head!

But the night-dew that falls, tho' in allence it weeps, Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he aleeps, And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls, . Shall long keep his memory green in our souls.

When he who adores thec.

Air-The Fox's Sleep.

When he who adores thee has left but the name⁵
Of his fault and his sorrows behind,
Oh say! wilt thou weep when they darken the fame
Of a life that for thee was resign'd?
Yes, weep! and, however my foes may condemn,
Thy tears shall efface their decree;
For Heaven can witness, though guilty to them,
I have been but too faithful to thee!

With thee were the dreams of my earliest love,
Every thought of my reason was thine:—
In my last humble pray'r to the Spirit above,
Thy name shall be mingled with mine!
Oh! bless'd are the lovers and friends who shall live,
The days of thy glory to see;
But the next dearest blessing that Heaven can give,
Is the pride of thus dying for thee!

The harp that once through Tara's Halls.

Air-Gramachree.

The harp that once, through Tara's halls, The soul of music shed,

1

Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls,
As if that soul were fled:—
So sleeps the pride of former days,
So glory's thrill is o'er;
And hearts, that once beat high for praise,
Now feel that pulse no more!

No more to chiefs and ladies bright
The harp of Tara swells;
The chord, alone, that breaks the night,
Its tale of ruin tells:—
Thus freedom now so seldom wakes,
The only throb she gives
Is when some heart indignant breaks,
To show that still she lives!

Fly not yet.

Air-Plankty Kelly.

Fly not yet, 'tis just the hour
When pleasure, like the midnight flow'r,
That scorns the eye of vulgar light,
Begins to bloom for sons of night,
And maids who love the moon!
'Twas but to bless these hours of shade
That beauty and the moon were made;
'Tis then their soft attractions glowing
Set the tides and goblets flowing!

Oh! stay,—oh! stay,—
Joy so seldom weaves a chain
Like this to-night, that, oh! 'tis pain.
To break its links so soon.

Fly not yet; the fount that play'd,
In times of old, through Ammon's shade,⁶
Though icy cold by day it ran,
Yet still, like souls of mirth, began
To burn when night was near;
And thus should woman's heart and looks
At noon be cold as winter-brooks,
Nor kindle till the night, returning,
Brings their genial hour for burning.
Oh! stay,—oh! stay,—
When did morning ever break,
And find such beaming eyes awake

Oh! think not my spirits are always as light.

As those that sparkle here!

Air-John O'Reilly the Active.

Oh! think not my spirits are always as light,
And as free from a pang, as they seem to you now;
Nor expect that the heart-beaming smile of to-night
Will return with to-morrow to brighten my brow:
No, life is a waste of wearisome hours,
Which seldom the rose of enjoyment adorns:

And the heart that is soonest awake to the flowers,
Is always the first to be touch'd by the thorns!
But send round the bowl, and be happy awhile;
May we never meet worse in our pilgrimage here
Than the tear that enjoyment can gild with a smile,
And the smile that compassion can turn to a tear!

The thread of our life would be dark, Heaven knows!

If it were not with friendship and love intertwin'd;
And I care not how soon I may sink to repose,

When these blessings shall cease to be dear to my
mind!

Put they who have lead the forder, the repose.

But they who have lov'd the fondest, the purest,
Too often have wept o'er the dream they believ'd;
And the heart that has slumber'd in friendship securest,
Is happy indeed if 'twas never deceived.
But send round the bowl; while the relic of truth
Is in man or in woman, this prayer shall be mine
That the sunshine of love may illumine our youth,
And the moonlight of friendship console our decline!

Tho' the last glimpse of Erin with sorrow I see.

Air-Coulin.

Though the last glimpse of Erin with sorrow I see, Yet wherever thou art shall seem Erin to me; In exile thy bosom shall still be my home, And thine eyes make my climate wherever we roam. To the gloom of some desert, or cold rocky shore, Where the eye of the stranger can haunt us no more, I will fly with my Coulin, and think the rough wind Less rude than the foes we leave frowning behind:—

And I'll gaze on thy gold hair, as graceful it wreathes, And hang o'er thy soft harp, as wildly it breathes: Nor dread that the cold-hearted Saxon will tear One chord from that harp, or one lock from that hair

Rich and rare were the gems she wore.

Air-The Summer is coming.

Rich and rare were the gems she wore,⁸
And a bright gold ring on her wand she bore,
But, oh! her beauty was far beyond
Her sparkling gems and snow-white wand.

"Lady, dost thou not fear to stray, So lone and lovely, through this bleak way? Are Erin's sons so good or so cold, As not to be tempted by woman or gold?"

"Sir Knight! I feel not the least alarm;
No son of Erin will offer me harm:
For, though they love woman and golden store,
Sir Knight! they love honour and virtue more?"

St. Senanus and the lady.

Air-The Brown Thorn.

ST. SENANUS.11

"Oh! haste, and leave this sacred isle, Unboly bark! ere morning smile; For on thy deck, though dark it be, A female form I see; And I have sworn this sainted sod Shall ne'er by woman's feet be trod!"

THE LADY.

"Oh! father, send not hence my bark,
Through wintry winds and billows dark;
I come, with humble heart, to share
Thy morn and ev'ning pray'r;
Nor mine the feet, oh, holy Saint!
The brightness of thy sod to taint."

The Lady's pray'r Senanus spurn'd;
The winds blew fresh, the bark return'd:
But legends hint, that had the maid
Till morning's light delay'd,
And given the Saint one rosy smile,
She ne'er had left his lonely isle.

How dear to me the hour.

Air-The Twisting of the Rope.12

How dear to me the hour when daylight dies,
And sunbeams melt along the silent sea;
For then sweet dreams of other days arise,
And mem'ry breathes her vesper sigh to thee!

And, as I watch the line of light that plays
Along the smooth wave tow'rd the burning west,
I long to tread that golden path of rays,
And think 'twould lead to some bright isle of rest!

Take back the virgin page.

WRITTEN ON RETURNING A BLANK BOOK.

Air-Dermot.

Take back the virgin page,
White and unwritten still;
Some hand, more calm and sage,
The leaf must fill.
Thoughts come as pure as light,
Pure as even you require;
But, oh! each word I write
Love turns to fire.

Yet let me keep the book;
Oft shall my heart renew,
When on its leaves I look,
Dear thoughts of you!
Like you, 'tis fair and bright;
Like you, too bright and fair
To let wild passion write
One wrong wish there!

Haply, when from those eyes
Far, far away I roam,
Should calmer thoughts arise
Tow'rds you and home,
Fancy may trace some line
Worthy those eyes to meet;
Thoughts that not burn, but shine,
Pure, calm, and sweet!

And, as the records are,
Which wand'ring seamen keep,
Led by their hidden star,
Through winter's deep;
So may the words I write
Tell through what storms I stray,
You still the unseen light,
Guiding my way!

The Legacy.

Air-Unknown.

When in death I shall calm recline,
O bear my heart to my mistress dear;
Tell her it lived upon smiles, and wine
Of the brightest hue, while it linger'd here;
Bid her not shed one tear of sorrow
To sully a heart so brilliant and light;
But balmy drops of the red grape borrow,
To bathe the relic from morning to night.

When the light of my song is o'er,
Then take my harp to your ancient hall;
Hang it up at that friendly door
Where weary travellers love to call: 13
Then if some bard, who roams forsaken,
Revive its soft note in passing along,
Oh! let one thought of its master waken
Your warmest smile for the child of song.

Keep this cup, which is now o'erflowing,
To grace your revel when I'm at rest;
Never, oh never, its balm bestowing
On lips that beauty hath seldom blest!
But when some warm devoted lover
To her he adores shall bathe its brim,
Oh! then my spirit around shall hover,
And hallow each drop that foams for him.

How oft has the Benshee cried!

Air-The dear Black Maid.

How oft has the Benshee cried!
How oft has death untied
Bright links that glory wove,
Sweet bonds entwin'd by love?
Peace to each manly soul that sleepeth!
Rest to each faithful eye that weepeth!
Long may the fair and brave
Sigh o'er the hero's grave.

We're fallen upon gloomy days; 14
Star after star decays:

Ev'ry bright name, that shed
Light o'er the land, is fled.

Dark falls the tear of him who mourneth
Lost joy or hope, that ne'er returneth;
But brightly flows the tear
Wept o'er the hero's bier!

Oh! quench'd are our beacon lights,
Thou, of the hundred fights! 15
Thou, on whose burning tongue
Truth, peace, and freedom hung! 16
Both mute—but, long as valour shineth,
Or mercy's soul at war repineth,
So long shall Erin's pride
Tell how they liv'd and died!

1944

We may roam through this world.

Air-Garyone.

We may roam thro' this world like a child at a feast,
Who but sips of a sweet, and then flies to the rest,
And, when pleasure begins to grow dull in the east,
We may order our wings, and be off to the west;
But if hearts that feel, and eyes that smile,
Are the dearest gifts that Heaven supplies,
We never need leave our own Green Isle
For sensitive hearts and for sun-bright eyes.
Then remember, whenever your goblet is crowned,
Through this world whether eastward or westward
you roam,

When a cup to the smile of dear woman goes round, Oh! remember the smile which adorns her at home.

In England the garden of beauty is kept
By a dr gon of prudery, plac'd within call;
But so oft this unamiable dragon has slept,
That the garden's but carelessly watch'd after all.
Oh! they want the wild sweet-briery fence,
Which round the flowers of Erin dwells,
Which warns the touch, while winning the sense,
Nor charms us least when it most repels.
Then remember, wherever your goblet is crown'd,
Through this world whether eastward or westward
you roam,

When a cup to the smile of dear woman goes round, Oh! remember the smile which adorns her at home. In France, when the heart of a woman sets sail,
On the ocean of wedlock its fortune to try,
Love seldom goes far in a vessel so frail,
But just pilots her off, and then bids her good-by!
While the daughters of Erin keep the boy
Ever smiling beside his faithful oar,
Through billows of wo and beams of joy,
The same as he look'd when he left the shore.
Then remember, wherever your goblet is crown'd,
Through this world whether eastward or westward
you roam,
When a cup to the smile of dear woman goes round,
Oh! remember the smile which adorns her at home.

Eveleen's Bower.

Air-Unknown.16*

Oh! weep for the hour,
When to Eveleen's bower
The Lord of the Valley with false vows came;
The moon hid her light
From the heavens that night
And wept behind her clouds o'er the maiden's shame.
The clouds past soon
From the chaste cold moon,
And heaven smil'd again with her vestal flame';
But none will see the day
When the clouds shall pass away,
Which that dark hour left upon Eveleen's fame.

The white snow lay
On the narrow path-way,
Where the Lord of the Valley cross'd over the moor;
And many a deep print
On the white snow's tint
Show'd the track of his footstep to Eveleen's door.
The next sun's ray
Soon melted away
Every trace on the path where the false Lord came;
But there's a light above,
Which alone can remove

Let Erin remember the days of old.

That stain upon the snow of fair Eveleen's fame.

Air-The Red Fox.

Let Erin remember the days of old,
Ere her faithless sons betray'd her,
When Malachi wore the collar of gold¹⁷
Which he won from her proud invader;
When her Kings, with standard of green unfurl'd,
Led the Red-Branch Knights to danger,¹⁸
Ere the emerald gem of the western world
Was set in the crown of a stranger.

On Lough-Neagh's bank, as the fisherman strays, 19
When the clear cold eve's declining,
He sees the round towers of other days
In the wave beneath him shining!

Thus shall memory often; in dreams sublime, Catch a glimpse of the days that are over; Thus, sighing, look through the waves of time For the long-faded glories they cover!

The song of Fionnula.20

Air-Arrah, my dear Eveleen.

Silent, oh Moyle! be the roar of thy water,
Break not, ye breezes! your chain of repose,
While, murmuring mournfully, Lir's lonely daughter
Tells to the night-star her tale of woes.
When shall the swan, her death-note singing,
Sleep with wings in darkness furl'd?
When will Heaven, its sweet bell ringing,
Call my spirit from this stormy world?

Sadly, oh Moyle! to thy winter-wave weeping,
Fate bids me languish long ages away;
Yet still in her darkness doth Erin lie sleeping,
Still doth the pure light its dawning delay!
When will that day-star, mildly springing,
Warm our isle with peace and love?
When will Heaven, its sweet bell ringing,
Call my spirit to the fields above?

Come, send round the wine.

Air-We brought the Summer with us.

Come, send round the wine, and leave points of belief
To simpleton sages and reasoning fools;
This moment's a flower too fair and brief,
To be wither'd and stain'd by the dust of the schools.
Your glass may be purple, and mine may be blue;
But, while they are fill'd from the same bright bowl,
The fool who would quarrel for difference of hue
Deserves not the comfort they shed o'er the soul.

Shall I ask the brave soldier, who fights by my side
In the cause of mankind, if our creeds agree?
Shall I give up the friend I have valu'd and tried,
If he kneel not before the same altar with me!
From the heretic girl of my soul shall I fly,
To seek somewhere else a more orthodox kiss?
No! perish the hearts and the laws that try
Truth, valour, or love, by a standard like this!

Sublime was the warning.

Air-The Black Joke.

Sublime was the warning which liberty spoke, And grand was the moment when Spaniards awoke

فبعث الكيارا

Into life and revenge from the conqueror's chain!
Oh, liberty, let not this spirit have rest
Till it move, like a breeze, o'er the waves of the west;
Give the light of your look to each sorrowing spot,
Nor, oh! be the shamrock of Erin forgot,
While you add to your garland the olive of Spain!

If the fame of our fathers, bequeath'd with their rights, Give to country its charm, and to home its delights;

If deceit be a wound, and suspicion a stain;
Then, ye men of Iberia! our cause is the same—
And, oh! may his tomb want a tear and a name,
Who would ask for a nobler, a holier death,
Than to turn his last sigh into victory's breath
For the shamrock of Erin and olive of Spain!

Ye Blakes and O'Donnels, whose fathers resign'd
The green hills of their youth, among strangers to find
That repose which, at home, they had sigh'd for in
vain,

Breathe a hope that the magical flame, which you light,
May be felt yet in Erin, as calm and as bright;
And forgive even Albion, while, blushing, she draws,
Like a truant, her sword, in the long-slighted cause
Of the shamrock of Erin and olive of Spain!

God prosper the cause! oh! it cannot but thrive, While the pulse of one patriot heart is alive, Its devotion to feel and its rights to maintain: Then how sainted by sorrow its martyrs will die! The finger of glory shall point where they lie; While, far from the footstep of coward or slave, The young spirit of freedom shall shelter their grave Beneath shamrocks of Erin and olives of Spain!

Believe me, if all those endearing young charms.

Air-My Lodging is on the cold Ground.

Believe me, if all those endearing young charms,
Which I gaze on so fondly to-day,
Were to change by to-morrow, and fleet in my arms,
Like fairy-gifts, fading away,—
Thou wouldst still be ador'd as this moment thou art,
Let thy loveliness fade as it will;
And around the dear ruin each wish of my heart
Would entwine itself verdantly still!

It is not while beauty and youth are thine own,
And thy cheeks unprofan'd by a tear,
That the fervour and faith of a soul can be known,
To which time will but make thee more dear!
Oh! the heart, that has truly lov'd, never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close;
As the sun-flower turns on her god, when he sets,
The same look which she turn'd when he rose!

"Erin! oh Erin!

Air-Thamama Hulla.

Like the bright lamp that lay on Kildare's holy shrine,
And burn'd through long ages of darkness and storm,
Is the heart that sorrows have frown'd on in vain,
Whose spirit outlives them, unfading and warm!
Erin! oh Erin! thus bright, through the tears
Of a long night of bondage, thy spirit appears!

The nations have fallen, and thou still art young,
Thy sun is but rising, when others are set:
And, tho' slavery's cloud o'er thy morning hath hung,
The full noon of freedom shall beam round thee yet.
Erin! oh Erin! though long in the shade,
Thy star will shine out, when the proudest shall fade!

Unchill'd by the rain, and unawaked by the wind,
The lily lies sleeping through winter's cold hour,
Till the hand of spring her dark chain unbind,
And daylight and liberty bless the young flower. 2 1
Erin! oh Erin! thy winter is past,
And the hope, that lived thro' it, shall blossom at last!

Drink to her.

Air-Heigh ho! my Jackey.

Drink to her, who long
Hath wak'd the poet's sigh—
The girl who gave to song
What gold could never buy!
Oh! woman's heart was made
For minstrel hands alone;
By other fingers play'd
It yields not half the tone.
Then here's to her, who long
Hath wak'd the poet's sigh—
The girl who gave to song
What gold could never buy!

At Beauty's door of glass,
When Wealth and Wit once steed,
They ask'd her, "Which might pass?"
She answer'd, "He who could."
With golden key Wealth thought
To pass—but 'twould not do;
While Wit a diamond brought,
Which cut his bright way through!
Then here's to her, who long
Hath wak'd the poet's sigh—
The girl who gave to song
What gold could never buy!

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The love that seeks a home
Where wealth or grandeur shines,
Is like the gloomy gnome,
That dwells in dark gold mines;
But oh! the poet's love
Can boast a brighter sphere;
Its native home's above,
Though woman keeps it here!
Then drink to her, who long
Hath wak'd the poet's sigh—
The girl who gave to song
What gold could never buy!

Oh! blame not the bard.22

Air-Kitty Tyrrel.

Oh! blame not the bard, if he fly to the bowers
Where pleasure lies carelessly smiling at fame;
He was born for much more, and, in happier hours,
His soul might have burn'd with a holier flame.
The string that now languishes loose o'er the lyre
Might have bent a proud bow to the warrior's dart;²³
And the lip which now breathes but the song of desire,
Might have pour'd the full tide of the patriot's heart!

But, alas for his country! her pride is gone by,
And that spirit is broken which never would bend:
O'er the ruin her children in secret must sigh,
For 'tis treason to love her, and death to defend!
Unpriz'd are her sons, till they've learn'd to betray;
Undistinguish'd they live, if they shame not their
sires:

And the torch that would light them thro' dignity's way,

Must be caught from the pile where their country
expires!

Then blame not the bard, if, in pleasure's soft dream,
He should try to forget what he never can heal!
Oh! give but a hope—let a vista but gleam
Through the gloom of his country, and mark how
he'll feel!

That instant, his heart at her shrine would lay down Ev'ry passion it nurs'd, ev'ry bliss it ador'd;
While the myrtle, now idly entwin'd with his crown,
Like the wreath of Harmodius, should cover his

But, the glory be gone, and the hope fade away,
Thy name, loved Erin! shall live in his songs;
Not e'en in the hour when his heart is most gay,
Will he lose the remembrance of thee and thy
wrongs!

The stranger shall hear thy lament on his plains;
The sigh of thy harp shall be sent o'er the deep,
Till thy masters themselves, as they rivet thy chains,
Shall pause at the song of their captive, and weep!

While gazing on the moon's light.

Air-Oonagh.

While gazing on the moon's light,
A moment from her smile I turn'd,
To look at orbs that more bright,
In lone and distant glory burn'd:
But too far

Each proud star
For me to feel its warming flame;
Much more dear
That mild sphere,

Which near our planet smiling came;²⁵
Thus, Mary dear! be thou my own—
While brighter eyes unheeded play,
I'll love those moonlight looks alone,
Which bless my home, and guide my way!

The day had sunk in dim showers,
But midnight now, with lugge meek,
Illumin'd all the pale flowers,
Like hope, that lights a mourner's cheek.

I said, (while

The moon's smile

Play'd o'er a stream in dimpling bliss,)

" The moon looks

On many brooks;

The brook can see no moon but this :"28

And thus, I thought, our fortunes run, For many a lover looks to thee; While, oh! I feel there is but one, One Mary in the world for me!

Ill omens.

Air-Kitty of Coleraine; or Paddy's Resource.

When daylight was yet sleeping under the billow,
And stars in the heavens still lingering shone,
Young Kitty, all blushing, rose up from her pillow,
The last time she e'er was to press it alone:
For the youth, whom she treasur'd her heart and her soul in,

Had promis'd to link the last tie before noon;
And, when once the young heart of a maiden is stolen,
The maiden herself will steal after it soon!

As she look'd in the glass, which a woman ne'er misses,
Nor ever wants time for a sly glance or two,
A butterfly, fresh from the night-flower's kisses,
Flew over the mirror and shaded her view.
Enrag'd with the insect for hiding her graces,
She brush'd him—he fell, alas, never to rise!
"Ah! such," said the girl, " is the pride of our faces,
For which the soul's innocence too often dies!"

While she stole through the garden, where heart'sease was growing,

She cull'd some, and kiss'd off its night-fallen dew;
And a rose, further on, look'd so tempting and glowing,
That, spite of her haste, she must gather it too:
But, while o'er her roses too carelessly leaning,
Her zone flew in two, and the heart's-ease was lost:
"Ah! this means," said the girl, and she sigh'd at its
meaning,)
"That love is scarce worth the repose it will cost!"

Before the battle.

Air-The Fairy Queen.

By the hope within us springing,
Herald of to-morrow's strife—
By that sun, whose light is bringing
Chains of freedom, death or life—
Oh, remember! life can be
No charm for him who lives not free!
Like the day-star in the wave,
Sinks a hero to his grave,
Midst the dew-fall of a nation's tears!
Blessed is he, o'er whose decline
The smiles of home may soothing shine,
And light him down the steep of years:
But oh! how grand they sink to rest,
Who close their eyes on victory's breast!

O'er his watch-fire's fading embers
Now the foeman's cheek turns white,
While his heart that field remembers,
Where we dimm'd his glory's light!
Never let him bind again
A chain like that we broke from then!
Hark! the horn of combat calls!—
Oh, before the evening falls,
May we pledge that horn in triumph round!²⁷
Many a heart that now beats high,
In slumber cold at night shall lie,
Nor waken e'en at victory's sound:
But oh! how blest that hero's sleep,
O'er whom a wondering world shall weep!

After the battle.

Air - Thy Fair Bosons.

Night closed around the conqueror's way,
And lightning show'd the distant hill,
Where those, who lost that dreadful day,
Stood few and faint, but fearless still!
The soldier's hope, the patriot's zeal,
For ever dimm'd, for ever crost—
Oh! who shall say what heroes feel,
When all but life and honour's lost?

The last sad hour of freedom's dream;
And valour's task, mov'd slowly by,
While mute they watch'd, till morning's beam
Should rise, and give them light to die!—
There is a world, where souls are free,
Where tyrants taint not nature's bliss:
If death that world's bright opening be,
Oh! who would live a slave in this?

Oh! 'tis sweet to think.

Air-Thady, you Gander.

Oh! 'tis sweet to think that, where'er we rove,
We are sure to find something blissful and dear;
And that, when we're far from the lips we love,
We have but to make love to the lips we are near!²⁸
The heart, like a tendril, accustom'd to cling,
Let it grow where it will, cannot flourish alone,
But will lean to the nearest and loveliest thing
It can twine with itself, and make closely its own.
Then, oh! what pleasure, where'er we rove,
To be doom'd to find something still that is dear;
And to know, when far from the lips we love,
We have but to make love to the lips we are near!

'Twere a shame, when flowers around us rise,
To make light of the rest if the rose is not there!
And the world so rich in resplendent eyes,
Twere a pity to limit one's love to a pair.

Love's wing and the peacock's are nearly alike; They are both of them bright, but they're changeable too;

And wherever a new beam of beauty can strike, It will tincture love's plume with a different hue!

Then, oh! what pleasure, where'er we rove,
To be doom'd to find something still that is dear;

And to know, when far from the lips we love,
We have but to make love to the lips we are near!

The Irish peasant to his mistress.

Through grief and through danger thy smile hath cheer'd my way,

Till hope seem'd to bud from each thorn that round me lay;

The darker our fortune, the brighter our pure love burn'd;

Till shame into glory, till fear into zeal was turn'd;
Oh! slave as I was, in thy arms my spirit felt free,
And bless'd e'en the sorrows that made me more
dear to thee.

Thy rival was honour'd, while thou wert wrong'd and scorn'd;

Thy crown was of briars, while gold her brows adorn'd: She woo'd me to temples, while thou lay'st hid in caves:

Her friends were all masters, while thine, alas! were slaves:

Yet cold in the earth at thy feet I would rather be, Than wed what I lov'd not, or turn one thought from thee.

They slander thee sorely, who say thy vows are frail— Hadst thou been a false one, thy cheek had look'd less pale!

They say too, so long thou hast worn those ling'ring chains!

That deep in thy heart they have printed their servile stains;

Oh! do not believe them—no chain could that soul subdue;

Where shineth thy spirit, there liberty shineth too! 22

On Music.

Air-Banks of Banna.

When through life unblest we rove,
Losing all that made life dear,
Should some notes, we us'd to love
In days of boyhood meet our ear;
Oh! how welcome breathes the strain,
Weakning thoughts that long have slept—

man of the control

Kindling former smiles again
In faded eyes, that long have wept!

Like the gale, that sighs along
Beds of oriental flow'rs,
Is the grateful breath of song,
That once was heard in happier hours.
Fill'd with balm, the gale sighs on,
Though the flowers have sunk in death:
So, when pleasure's dream is gone,
Its memory lives in music's breath!

Music!—oh! how faint, how weak
Language fades before thy spell!
Why should feeling ever speak,
When thou canst breathe her soul so well?
Friendship's baliny words may feign,
Love's are e'en more false than they;
Oh! 'tis only music's strain
Can sweetly soothe, and not betray!

It is not the tear at this moment shed.30

Air-The Sixpence.

It is not the tear, at this moment shed,
When the cold turf has just been laid o'er him,
That can tell how belov'd was the soul that's fled,
Or how deep in our hearts we deplore him:

'Tis the tear through many a long day wept, Through a life by his loss all shaded; 'Tis the sad remembrance, fondly kept, When all lighter griefs have faded!

Oh! thus shall we mourn: and his memory's light,
While it shines through our hearts, will improve them;
For worth shall look fairer, and truth more bright,
When we think how he lived but to love them!
And, as buried saints the grave perfume,
Where, fadeless, they've long been lying,
So our hearts shall borrow a sweet'ning bloom
From the image he left there in dying!

The origin of the harp.

Air-Gage Pane.

Tis believ'd that this harp, which I wake now for thee, Was a syren of old, who sung under the sea; And who often at eve through the bright billow rov'd, To meet on the green shore a youth whom she lov'd.

But she lov'd him in vain, for he left her to weep, And in tears all the night her cold ringlets to steep, Till Heav'n look'd with pity on true love so warm, And chang'd to this soft harp the sea-maiden's form! Still her bosom rose fair—still her cheek smil'd the same—

While her sea-beauties gracefully curl'd round the frame; [rings,

And her hair, shedding tear-drops from all its bright Fell over her white arm, to make the gold strings!³¹

Hence it came that this soft harp so long hath been known

To mingle love's language with sorrow's sad tone, Till thou didst divide them, and teach the fond lay, To be love when I'm near thee, and grief when away!

Love's young dream.

Air-The Old Woman.

Oh! the days are gone, when beauty bright My heart's chain wove;

When my dream of life, from morn till night,

Was love, still love!

 New hope may bloom, And days may come,

Of milder, calmer beam,

But there's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream!

Oh! there's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream!

Though the bard to purer fame may soar, When wild youth's past;

Though he win the wise, who frown'd before,

To smile at last;

He'll never meet

A joy so sweet

In all his noon of fame,

As when first he sung to woman's ear

His soul-felt flame;

And, at every close, she blush'd to hear The one lov'd name!

Oh! that hallow'd form is ne'er forgot, Which first-love trac'd;

Still it lingering haunts the greenest spot

On memory's waste!

'Twas odour fled

As soon as shed:

'Twas morning's winged dream!
'Twas a light, that ne'er can shine again
On life's dull stream!

Oh! 'twas light, that ne'er can shine again On life's dull stream!

The Prince's Day. 32

Air-St. Patrick's Day.

Tho' dark are our sorrows, to-day we'll forget them,
And smile through our tears, like a sunbeam in
showers:

There never were hearts, if our rulers would let them,
More form'd to be grateful and blest than ours!
But just when the chain
Has ceased to pain,

And hope enwreath'd it round with flowers, There comes a new link

Our spirit to sink!—

Oh! the joy that we taste, like the light of the poles, Is a flash amid darkness, too brilliant to stay; But though 'twere the last little spark in our souls, We must light it up now, on our Prince's day.

Contempt on the minion who calls you disloyal!

Tho' fierce to your foe, to your friends you are true;

And the tribute most high to a head that is royal,

Is love from a heart, that loves liberty too.

While cowards who blight

Your fame, your right,

Would shrink from the blaze of the battle array;

The standard of green

In front would be seen.

2".

Oh! my life on your faith! were you summon'd this minute,

You'd cast every bitter remembrance away, And show what the arm of old Erin has in it, When rous'd by the foe, on the Prince's day.

He loves the Green Isle, and his love is recorded
In hearts which have suffer'd too much to forget;
And hope shall be crown'd, and attachment rewarded,
And Erin's gay jubilee shine out yet!

The gem may be broke
By many a stroke,
But nothing can cloud its native ray;
Each fragment will cast
A light to the last,

And thus Erin, my country! though broken thou art,
There's a lustre within thee, that ne'er will decay;
A spirit that beams through each suffering part,
And now smiles at their pain, on the Prince's day!

Weep on, weep on.

Air-The Song of Sorrew.

Weep on, weep on, your hour is past; Your dreams of pride are o'er; The fatal chain is round you cast, And you are men no more! In vain the hero's heart hath bled;
The sage's tongue hath warned in vain;—
Oh, freedom! once thy flame hath fled,
It never lights again!

Weep on—perhaps in after days
They'll learn to love your name;
And many a deed may wake in praise,
That long hath slept in blame!
And, when they tread the ruin'd isle,
Where rest, at length, the lord and slave,
They'll wondering ask, how hands so vile
Could conquer hearts so brave?

"Twas fate," they'll say, "a wayward fate
Your web of discord wove;
And while your tyrants join'd in hate,
You never join'd in love!
But hearts fell off, that ought to twine,
And man profan'd what God had given,
Till some were heard to curse the shrine
Where others knelt to heaven!"

Lesbia has a beaming eye.

Air-Nora Creina.

Lesbia has a beaming eye, But no one knows for whom it beameth; Right and left its arrows fly,
But what they aim at no one dreameth!
Sweeter 'tis to gaze upon
My Nora's lid that seldom rises;
F'ew her looks, but every one
Like unexpected light surprises!
Oh, my Nora Creina, dear!
My gentle, bashful Nora Creina!
Beauty lies
In many eyes,
But love in yours, my Nora Creina!

Lesbia wears a robe of gold,
But all so close the nymph has lac'd it,
Not a charm of beauty's mould
Presumes to stay where nature plac'd it!
Oh! my Nora's gone for me,
That floats as wild as mountain breezes,
Leaving every beauty free
To sink or swell, as Heaven pleases;
Yes, my Nora Creina; dear!
My, simple, graceful Nora Creina!

Is loveliness,

Nature's dress

The dress you wear, my Nora Creina!

Lesbia has a wit refin'd,
But, when its points are gleaming round us,
Who can tell if they're design'd
To dazzle merely, or to wound us?

Pillow'd on my Nora's heart,
In safer slumber love reposes;—
Bed of peace! whose roughest part
Is but the crumpling of the roses!
Oh, my Nora Creina, dear!
My mild, my artless Nora Creina!
Wit, though bright,
Has not the light
That warms your eyes, my Nora Creina!

I saw thy form in youthful prime.

Air-Domhnall.

I saw thy form in youthful prime,
Nor thought that pale decay
Would steal before the steps of time,
And waste its bloom away, Mary!
Yet still thy features wore that light
Which fleets not with the breath;
And life ne'er look'd more purely bright
Than in thy smile of death, Mary!

As streams, that run o'er golden mines,
With modest murmur glide,
Nor seem to know the wealth that shines
Within their gentle tide, Mary!
So, veil'd beneath a simple guise,
Thy radiant genius shone,



And that, which charm'd all other eyes, Seem'd worthless in thy own, Mary!

If souls could always dwell above,
 Thou ne'er hadst left thy sphere;
 Or, could we keep the souls we love,
 We ne'er had lost thee here, Mary!
 Though many a gifted mind we meet,
 Though fairest forms we see,
 To live with them is far less sweet
 Than to remember thee, Mary!²³

By that Lake, whose gloomy shore.34

Air-The Brown Irish Girl.

By that Lake, whose gloomy shore Skylark never warbles o'er, 35 Where the cliff hangs high and steep, Young St. Kevin stole to sleep. "Here at least," he calmly said, "Woman ne'er shall find my bed." Ah! the good Saint little knew What that wily sex can do.

'Twas from Kathleen's eye he flew, Eyes of most unholy blue! She had lov'd him well and long, Wish'd him hers, nor thought it wrong.

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Wheresoe'er the Saint would fly, Still he heard her light foot nigh; East or west, where'er he turn'd, Still her eyes before him burn'd.

On the bold cliff's bosom cast,
Tranquil now he sleeps at last;
Dreams of heav'n, nor thinks that e'er
Woman's smile can haunt him there;
But not earth, nor heaven is free
From her power, if fond she he:
Even now, while calm he sleeps,
Kathleen o'er him leans and weeps.

Fearless she had track'd his feet
To this rocky, wild retreat;
And when morning met his view,
Her mild glances met it too.
Ah! your Saints have cruel hearts!
Sternly from his bed he starts,
And with rude, repulsive shock,
Hurls her from the beetling rock.

Glendalough! thy gloomy wave
Soon was gentle Kathleen's grave;
Soon the Saint (yet, ah! too late)
Felt her love, and mourn'd her fate.
When he said, "Heav'n rest her soul!"
Round the Lake light music stole;
And her ghost was seen to glide,
Smilling, o'er the fatal tide!

She is far from the land.

Air-Open the Door.

She is far from the land, where her young Hero sleeps,
And lovers are round her sighing;
But coldly she turns from their gaze, and weeps,
For her heart in his grave is lying!

She sings the wild song of her dear native plains, Every note which he lov'd awaking.— Ah! little they think, who delight in her strains, How the heart of the Minstrel is breaking!

He had liv'd for his love, for his country he died,
They were all that to life had entwin'd him,—
Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,
Nor long will his love stay behind him!

Oh! make her a grave, where the sun-beams rest,
When they promise a glorious morrow;
They'll shine o'er her sleep, like a smile from the west,
From her own loved island of sorrow!

Nay, tell me not.

Air.-Dennis, don't be threatening.

Nay, tell me not, dear! that the goblet drowns
One charm of feeling, one fond regret;
Believe me, a few of thy angry frowns
Are all I've sunk in its bright wave yet.

Ne'er hath a beam
Been lost in the stream,

That ever was shed from thy form or soul!

The balm of thy sighs, The spell of thine eyes,

Still float on the surface, and hallow my bowl!
Then fancy not, dearest! that wine can steal
One blissful dream of the heart from me;
Like founts, that awaken the pilgrim's zeal,
The bowl but brightens my love for thee!

They tell us that love in his fairy bower
Had two blush roses, of birth divine;
He sprinkled the one with a rainbow's shower,
But bath'd the other with mantling wine.

Soon did the buds,

That drank of the floods

Distill'd by the rainbow, decline and fade;
While those, which the tide
Of ruby had dy'd,

All blush'd into beauty like thee, sweet maid!
Then fancy not, dearest! that wine can steal
One blissful dream of the heart from me;
Like founts, that awaken the pilgrim's zeal,
The bowl but brightens my love for thee!

Avenging and bright.

Air-Crooghan a Venee. 36

Avenging and bright falls the swift sword of Erin,
On him, who the brave sons of Usna betray'd!

For ev'ry fond eye he hath waken'd a tear in,
A drop from his heart-wounds shall weep o'er her
blade.

By the red cloud that hung over Conor's dark dwelling, 37

When Ulad's three champions lay sleeping in gore—38

By the billows of war which, so often, high swelling, Have wafted these heroes to victory's shore!—

We swear to revenge them!—no joy shall be tasted,
The harp shall be silent, the maiden unwed,
Our halls shall be mute, and our fields shall lie wasted,
Till vengeance is wreak'd on the murderer's head!

Yes, monarch! tho's weet are our home recollections,
Tho's weet are the tears that from tenderness fall;
Tho's weet are our friendships, our hopes and affections,
Revenge on a tyrant the sweetest of all!

What the bee is to the floweret.

Air-The Yellow Horse.

HE.—What the bee is to the floweret,
When he looks for honey dew
Through the leaves that close embower it,
That, my love, I'll be to you!
SHE.—What the bank, with verdure glowing,
Is to waves that wander near,
Whispering kisses, while they're going,
That I'll be to you, my dear!

SHE.—But, they say, the bee's a rover,
That he'll fly, when sweets are gone;
And, when once the kiss is over,
Faithless brooks will wander on!
HE.—Nay, if flowers will lose their looks,
If sunny banks will wear away,
'Tis but right, that bees and brooks
Should sip and kiss them, while they may.

Love and the novice.

Air-Cean dubh Delish.

" Here we dwell, in holiest bowers,
" Where angels of light o'er our orisons bend;
" Where sighs of devotion and breathings of flowers
" To heaven in mingled odour ascend!

IRISH MEMODIES.

" Do not disturb our calm, oh Love!

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- " So like is thy form to the cherubs above,
- "It well might deceive such hearts as ours."

Love stood near the Novice, and listen'd, And Love is no novice in taking a hint; His laughing blue eyes soon with pity glisten'd; His rosy wing turn'd to heaven's own tint. "Who would have thought," the urchin cries.

"That Love could so well, so gravely disguise

" His wandering wings, and wounding eyes?"

Love now warms thee, waking and sleeping, Young Novice! to him all thy orisons rise; He tinges the heavenly fount with his weeping, He brightens the censor's flame with his sighs. Love is the saint enshrin'd in thy breast, And angels themselves would admit such a guest, If he came to them, cloth'd in Piety's vest.

This life is all checker'd.

Air-The Bunch of Green Rushes that grew at the Brim.

This life is all checker'd with pleasures and woes, That chase one another like waves of the deep; Each billow, as brightly or darkly it flows, Reflecting our eyes, as they sparkle or weep.

So closely our whims or our miseries tread,

That the laugh is awak'd ere the tear can be dried;
And as fast as the rain-drop of Pity is shed,

The goose-plumage of Folly can turn it aside.
But pledge me the cup—if existence would cloy

With hearts ever happy, and heads ever wise,
Be ours the light grief that is sister to joy,

And the short brilliant folly that flashes and dies!

When Hylas was sent with his tirn to the fount,
Thro' fields full of sunshine, with heart full of play,
Light rambled the boy over meadow and mount,
And neglected his task for the flowers on the way. 39
Thus some who, like me, should have drawn and have

The fountain that runs by philosophy's shrine,
Their time with the flowers on the margin have wasted,
And left their light urns all as empty as mine!
But pledge me the goblet—while Idleness weaves
Her flowerets together, if Wisdom can see
One bright drop or two, that has fall'n on the leaves
From her fountain divine, 'tis sufficient for me!

Oh! the Shamrock.

Air-Alley Croker.

Through Erin's isle, To sport a while, As Love and Valour wander'd,
With Wit, the sprite,
Whose quiver bright;
A thousand arrows squander'd;
Where'er they pass,
A triple grass⁴⁰
Shoots up, with dew-drops streaming,
As softly green
As emeralds, seen
Through purest crystal gleaming!
Oh the shamrock, the green, immortal shamrock!
Chosen leaf

Chosen leaf
Of bard and chief,
Old Erin's native shamrock!

Says Valour, "See,
"They spring for me,
"Those leafy gems of morning!"—
Says Love, "No, no,
"For me they grow,
"My fragrant path adorning!"—
But Wit perceives
The triple leaves,
And cries, "Oh! do not sever
"A type, that blends
"Three godlike friends,
"Love, Valour, Wit, for ever!"
Oh the shamrock, the green, immortal shamrock!
Chosen leaf
Of bard and chief,

Old Erin's native shamrock!

So firmly fond
May last the bond
They wove that morn together,
And se'er may fall
One drop of gall
On Wit's celestial feather!
May Love us twine
His flowers divine,
Of thorny falsehood weed 'em!
May Valour ne'er
His standard rear
Against the cause of Freedom!

Against the cause of Freedom!

Oh the shamrock, the green, immortal shamrock!

Chosen leaf
Of bard and chief,
Old Erin's native shamrock!

At the mid hour of night.

Air-Molly, my dear.

At the mid hour of night, when stars are weeping, I fly To the lone vale we lov'd when life shone warm in thine eye;

And I think that, if spirits can steal from the region of air

To revisit past scenes of delight, thou wilt come to me there.

And tell me our love is remember'd e'en in the sky!

Then I sing the wild song, which once 'twas rapture to hear,

When our voices, both mingling, breath'd like one on the ear:

And, as Echo far off thro'the vale my sad orison rolls, I think, oh my love! 'tis thy voice from the kingdom of souls, 41

Faintly answering still the notes that once were so dear!

One bumper at parting.

Air-Moll Roe in the Morning.

One bumper at parting!—though many
Have circled the board since we met,
The fullest, the saddest of any
Remains to be crown'd by us yet.
The sweetness that pleasure has in it,
Is always so slow to come forth,
That seldom, alas, till the minute
It dies, do we know half its worth!
But oh! may our life's happy measure
Be all of such moments made up;
They're born on the bosom of Pleasure,
They die midst the tears of the cup.

As onward we journey, how pleasant
To pause and inhabit a while
Those few sunny spots, like the present,
That 'mid the dull wilderness smile!

But Time, like a pitiless master,
Cries "onward!" and spurs the gay hours—
Ah! never does Time travel faster
Than when his way lies among flowers.
But, come—may our life's happy measure
Be all of such moments made up,
They're born on the bosom of Pleasure,
They die midst the tears of the cup.

How brilliant the san look'd in sinking!

The waters beneath him how bright!
Oh! trust me, the farewell of drinking
Should be like the farewell of light.
You saw how he finish'd, by darting
His beams o'er a deep billow's brim—
So fill up, let's shine at our parting,
In full liquid glory, like him.
And oh! may our life's happy measure
Of moments like this be made up;
'Twas born on the bosom of Pleasure,
It dies 'mid the tears of the cup!

'Tis the last rose of summer.

Air-Groves of Blarney.

'Tis the last rose of summer, Left blooming alone; All her lovely companions Are faded and gone; No flower of her kindred, No rose-bud is nigh, To reflect back her blushes, Or give sigh for sigh!

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one!
To pine on the stem;
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go, sleep thou with them;
Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er the bed,
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may I follow,
When friendships decay,
And from love's shining circle
The gems drop away!
When true hearts lie wither'd,
And fond ones are flown,
Oh! who would inhabit
This bleak world alone?

The young May moon.

Air-The Dandy, O.

The young May moon is beaming, love, The glow-worm's lamp is gleaming, love,

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How sweet to rove
Through Morna's grove, 42
While the drowsy world is dreaming, love,
Then awake!—The heavens look bright, my dear!
Tis never too late for delight, my dear!
And the best of all ways

To lengthen our days

Is to steal a few hours from the night, my dear!

Now all the world is sleeping, love,
But the sage, his star-watch keeping, love,
And I, whose star,
More glorious far,
Is the eye from that casement peeping, love.
Then awake, till rise of sun, my dear!
The sage's glass we'll shun, my dear,
Or, in watching the flight
Of bodies of light,
He might happen to take thee for one, my dear!

The Minstrel Boy.

dir-The Moreen.

The Minstrel Boy to the war is gone, In the ranks of death you'll find him; His father's sword he has girded on, And his wild harp slung behind him. "Land of song!" said the warrior-bard,
"Though all the world betrays thee,
One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,
One faithful harp shall praise thee!"

The Minstrel fell!—but the foeman's chain
Could not bring that proud soul under;
The harp he lov'd ne'er spoke again,
For he tore its chords asunder;
And said, "No chains shall sully thee,
Thou soul of love and bravery!
Thy songs were made for the pure and free,
They shall never sound in slavery."

The song of O'Ruark, Prince of Breffni. 43

Air-The Pretty Girl milking her Cow.

The valley lay smiling before me,
Where lately I left her behind;
Yet I trembled, and something hung o'er me,
That sadden'd the joy of my mind.
I look'd for the lamp which she told me,
Should shine, when her pilgrim return'd,
But, though darkness began to infold me,
No lamp from the battlements burn'd!

I flew to her chamber—'twas lonely As if the lov'd tenant lay deadAh, would it were death, and death only!

But no—the young false one had fled;

And there hung the lute, that could soften

My very worst pains into bliss,

While the hand, that had wak'd it so often,'

Now throbb'd to my proud rival's kiss!

There was a time, falsest of women!

When Breffni's good sword would have sought
That man, through a million of foemen,
Who dar'd but to doubt thee in thought!
While now—oh, degenerate daughter
Of Erin! how fall'n is thy fame!
And, through ages of bondage and slaughter,
Thy country shall bleed for thy shame.

Already the curse is upon her,
And strangers her valleys profane;
They come to divide—to dishonour—
And tyrants they long will remain!
But onward!—the green banner rearing,
Go, flesh ev'ry sword to the hilt;
On our side is VIRTUE and ERIN,
On theirs is the SAXON and GUILT.

Oh! had we some bright little isle of our own.

Air-Sheela na Guira.

Oh! had we some bright little isle of our own, In a blue summer ocean, far off and alone; Where a leaf never dies in the still-blooming bowers, And the bee banquets on thro's whole year of flowers;

Where the sun loves to pause
With so fond a delay,
That the night only draws
A thin veil o'er the day;
Where simply to feel that we breathe, that we live,
Is worth the best joys that life elsewhere can give!

There, with souls ever ardent and pure as the clime, We should love as they lov'd in the first golden time; The glow of the sunshine, the balm of the air, Would steal to our hearts, and make all summer there!

With affection as free
From decline as the bowers;
And with hope, like the bee,
Living always on flowers;
Our life should resemble a long day of light,
And our death come on holy and calm as the night!

Farewell! but whenever you welcome the hour.

Air-Moll Roone.

Farewell!—but, whenever you welcome the hour,
That awakens the night-song of mirth in your bow'r,
Then think of the friend who once welcom'd it too,
And forgot his own griefs to be happy with you.
His griefs may return; not a hope may remain
Of the few that have brighten'd his pathway of pain;
But he ne'er will forget the short vision, that threw
Its enchantment around him, while lingering with you!

And still on that evening, when pleasure fills up
To the highest top sparkle each heart and each cup,
Where'er my path lies, be it gloomy or bright,
My soul, happy friends! shall be with you that night;
Shall join in your revels, your sports and your wiles,
And return to me, beaming all o'er with your smiles!
Too blest, if it tells me that, mid the gay cheer,
Some kind voice had murmur'd "I wish he were
here!"

Let fate do her worst, there are relics of joy,
Bright dreams of the past which she cannot destroy—
Which come in the night-time of sorrow and care,
And bring back the features that joy us'd to wear.
Long, long be my heart with such memories fill'd!
Like the vase, in which roses have once been distill'd—
You may break, you may ruin the vase, if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still!

Oh! doubt me not.

Air-Yellow Wat and the Fox.

Oh! doubt me not—the season
Is o'er, when folly made me rove,
And now the vestal, reason,
Shall watch the fire awak'd by love.
Although this heart was early blown,
And fairest hands disturb'd the tree,
They only shook some blossoms down,
Its fruit has all been kept for thee.
Then doubt me not—the season
Is o'er, when folly made me rove,
And now the vestal, reason,
Shall watch the fire awak'd by love.

And though my lute no longer,
May sing of passion's ardent spell,
Oh! trust me, all the stronger
I feel the bliss I do not tell.
The bee through many a garden roves,
And hums his lay of courtship o'er,
But when he finds the flower he loves,
He settles there and hums no more.
Then doubt me not—the season
Is o'er, when folly kept me free,
And now the vestal, reason,
Shall guard the flame awak'd by thee.

You remember Ellen.44

Air-Were I a Clerk.

You remember Ellen, our hamlet's pride,
How meekly she bless'd her humble lot,
When the stranger, William, has made her his bride,
And love was the light of their lowly cot.
Together they toiled through winds and rains
Till William at length, in sadness, said,
"We must seek our fortune on other plains;"
Then, sighing, she left her lowly shed.

They roam'd a long and a weary way,

Nor much was the maiden's heart at ease,

When now, at close of one stormy day,

They see a proud castle among the trees.

"To-night," said the youth, "we'll shelter there;

The wind blows cold, the hour is late;"

So he blew the horn with a chieftain's air,

And the porter bow'd as they pass'd the gate.

"Now, welcome lady!" exclaim'd the youth,—
This castle is thine, and these dark woods all."
She believ'd him wild, but his words were truth;
For Ellen is Lady of Rosna Hall!
And dearly the Lord of Rosna loves
What William, the stranger, woo'd and wed;
And the light of bliss, in these lordly groves,
Is pure as it shone in the lowly shed.



I'd mourn the hopes.

Air-The Rose Tree.

I'd mourn the hopes that leave me,
If thy smiles had left me too;
I'd weep when friends deceive me,
If thou wert, like them, untrue.
But while I've thee before me,
With heart so warm and eyes so bright,
No clouds can linger o'er me,
That smile turns them all to light!

'Tis not in fate to harm me,
While fate leaves thy love to me;
'Tis not in joy to charm me,
Unless joy be shar'd with thee.
One minute's dream about thee
Were worth a long, an endless year
Of waking bliss without thee,
My own love, my only dear!

And though the hope be gone, love,
That long sparkled o'er our way,
Oh! we shall journey on, love,
More safely without its ray.
Far better lights shall win me
Along the path I've yet to roam,
The mind that burns within me,
And pure smiles from thee at home.

Thus, when the lamp that lighted
The traveller at first goes out,
He feels awhile benighted,
And looks round in fear and doubt.
But soon, the prospect clearing,
By cloudless starlight on he treads,
And thinks no lamp so cheering
As that light which heaven sheds!

Come o'er the sea.

Air-Cuishlih ma Chree. 43.

Come o'er the sea,
Maiden! with me,
Mine through sunshine, storm, and snows!
Seasons may roll,
But the true soul

Burns the same where'er it goes.

Let fate frown on, so we love and part not;

'Tis life where thou art, 'tis death where thou art not!

Then come o'er the sea,
Maiden! with me,
Come wherever the wild wind blows;
Seasons may roll,
But the true soul
Burns the same where'er it goes.

Is not the sea
Made for the free,
Lands for courts and chains alone?
Here we are slaves;
But, on the waves,
Love and liberty's all our own!

No eye to watch, and no tongue to wound us,
All earth forgot, and all heaven around us!

Then come o'er the sea,
Maiden! with me,
Come wherever the wild wind blows;
Seasons may roll,
But the true soul
Burns the same where'er it goes.

Has sorrow thy young days shaded.

Air—Sly Patrick.

Has sorrow thy young days shaded,
As clouds o'er the morning fleet?
Too fast have those young days faded,
That even in sorrow were sweet?
Does Time with his cold wing wither
Each feeling that once was dear?
Come, child of misfortune! come hither,
I'll weep with thee tear for tear.

Has love to that soul so tender
Been like our Lagenian mine, 46
Where sparkles of golden spleadour
All over the surface shine?
But if in pursuit we go deeper,
Allur'd by the gleam that shone,
Ah! false as the dream of the sleeper,
Like love, the bright ore is gone.

Has hope, like the bird in the story, 47
That flitted from tree to tree
With the talisman's glittering glory—
Has hope been that bird to thee?
On branch after branch alighting,
The gem did she still display,
And, when nearest and most inviting,
Then waft the fair gem away?

If thus the sweet hours have fleeted,
When Sorrow herself look'd bright;
If thus the fond hope has cheated,
That led thee along so light;
If thus the unkind world wither
Each feeling that once was dear;—
Come, child of misfortune! come hither,
I'll weep for thee tear for tear.

No, not more welcome.

Air-Luggelaw.

No, not more welcome the fairy numbers
Of music fall on the sleeper's ear,
When, half-awaking fearful slumbers,
He thinks the full choir of heav'n is near—
Then came that voice, when all forsaken,
This heart long had sleeping lain,
Nor thought its cold pulse would ever waken
To such benign, blessed sounds again.

Sweet voice of comfort! 'twas like the stealing
Of summer wind through some wreathed shell;
Each secret winding, each inmost feeling
Of all my soul echoed to its spell!
'Twas whisper'd balm—'twas sunshine spoken!—
I'd live years of grief and pain
To have my long sleep of sorrow broken
By such benign, blessed sounds again!

When first I met thee.

Air-O Patrick, fly from me.

When first I met thee, warm and young,
There shone such truth about thee,
And on thy lip such promise hung,
I did not dare to doubt thee.

I saw thee change, yet still relied, Still clung with hope the fonder, And thought, though false to all beside, From me thou couldst not wander.

But go, deceiver! go—
The heart whose hopes could make it
Trust one so false, so low,
Deserves that thou shouldst break it!

When every tongue thy follies nam'd,
I fled th' unwelcome story;
Or found, in e'en the faults they blam'd,
Some gleams of future glory.
I still was true, when nearer friends
Conspir'd to wrong, to slight thee;
The heart that now thy falsehood rends,
Would then have bled to right thee.

But go, deceiver! go— Some day, perhaps, thou'lt waken From pleasure's dream, to know The grief of hearts forsaken.

Even now, though youth its bloom has shed,
No lights of age adorn thee;
The few, who lov'd thee once, have fied,
And they who flatter scorn thee.
Thy midnight cup is pledg'd to slaves,
No genial ties enwreath it;
The smiling there, like light on graves,
Has rank, cold hearts beneath it!

Acres à

Go-go-though worlds were thine, I would not now surrender One taintless tear of mine For all thy guilty splendour!

And days may come, thou false one! yet,
When even those ties shall sever;
When thou wilt call, with vain regret,
On her thou'st lost for ever!
On her who, in thy fortune's fall,
With smiles had still receiv'd thee,
And gladly died to prove thee all
Her fancy first believ'd thee.
Go—go—'tis vain to curse,
'Tis weakness to upbraid thee;
Hate cannot wish thee worse
Than guilt and shame have made thee.

While history's muse.

Air-Paddy Whack.

While history's muse the memorial was keeping
Of all that the dark hand of destiny weaves,
Beside her the genius of Erin stood weeping,
For hers was the story that blotted the leaves.
But, oh! how the tear in her eyelids grew bright
When, after whole pages of sorrow and shame,
She saw History write
With a pencil of light,
That illum'd all the volume, her Wellington's name!

"Hail, star of my isle!" said the spirit, all sparkling With beams, such as break from her own dewy skies;

"Through ages of sorrow, deserted and darkling, I've watch'd for some glory like thine to arise.

For, the heroes I've number'd, unblest was their lot, And unhallow'd they sleep in the crossways of fame;

But, oh! there is not

One dishonouring blot

On the wreath that encircles my Wellington's name!

"And still the last crown of thy toils is remaining,
The grandest, the purest e'en thou hast yet known;
Tho' proud was thy task, other nations unchaining,
Far prouder to heal the deep wounds of thy own.
At the foot of that throne, for whose weal thou hast stood,
Go, plead for the land that first cradled thy fame,—
And bright o'er the flood
Of her tears and her blood

Of her tears and her blood

Let the rainbow of hope be her Wellington's name!"

The time I've lost in wooing.

Air-Peas upon a Trencher.

The time I've lost in wooing,
In watching and pursuing
The light that lies
In woman's eyes,
Has been my heart's undoing.

Though wisdom oft has sought me,
I scorn'd the love she brought me;
My only books
Were woman's looks,
And Folly's all they've taught me.

Her smile when beauty granted,
I hung with gaze enchanted,
Like him the sprite, 48
Whom maids by night
Oft meet in glen that's haunted.
Like him, too, beauty won me,
But while her eyes were on me,
If once their ray
Was turn'd away,
O! winds could not outrun me.

And are those follies going?

And is my proud heart growing

Too cold or wise
For brilliant eyes

Again to set it glowing?

No—vain, alas! th' endeavour

From bonds so sweet to sever;

Poor wisdom's chance

Against a glance'

Is now as weak as ever!

Oh! where's the slave.

Air—Sios agus sios liom.

Oh! where's the slave, so lowly,
Condemn'd to chains unholy,
Who, could he burst
His bonds at first,
Would pine beneath them slowly?
What soul, whose wrongs degrade it,
Would wait till time decay'd it,
When thus its wing
At once may spring
To the throne of Him who made it?

Farewell, Erin! farewell all, Who live to weep our fall!

Less dear the laurel growing,
Alive, untouch'd and blowing,
Than that, whose braid
Is pluck'd to shade
The brows with victory glowing!
We tread the land that bore us,
Our green flag glitters o'er us.

The friends we've tried
Are by our side,
And the foe we hate before us!
Farewell, Erin! farewell all,
Who live to weep our fall!

Come, rest in this bosom.

Air-Lough Sheeling.

Come, rest in this bosom, my own stricken deer!
Tho' the herd have fled from thee, thy home is still here;
Here still is the smile that no cloud can o'ercast,
And the heart and the hand all thy own to the last!

Oh! what was love made for, if 'tis not the same Thro' joy and thro' torments, thro' glory and shame.' I know not, I ask not if guilt's in that heart; I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art!

Thou hast call'd me thy angel, in moments of bliss, Still thy angel I'll be, mid the horrors of this,— Thro' the furnace, unshrinking, thy steps to pursue, And shield thee, and save thee, or perish there too!

'Tis gone, and for ever.

Air-Savournah Deelish.

'Tis gone, and for ever, the light we saw breaking,
Like Heaven's first dawn o'er the sleep of the dead,
When man, from the slumber of ages awaking,
Look'd upward, and bless'd the pure ray ere it fied!

'Tis gone, and the gleams it has left of its burning, But deepen the long night of bondage and mourning, That dark o'er the kingdoms of earth is returning, And, darkest of all, hapless Erin! o'er thee.

For high was thy hope, when those glories were darting Around thee, thro' all the gross clouds of the world; When Truth from her fetters indignantly starting, At once, like a sun-burst, her banner unfurl'd.40 Oh, never shall earth see a moment so splendid! Then, then had one hymn of deliverance blended The tongues of all nations, how sweet had ascended The first note of liberty, Erin! from thee.

But, shame on those tyrants, who envied the blessing!
And shame on the light race, unworthy its good,
Who, at death's reeking altar, like furies caressing
The young hope of freedom, baptiz'd it in blood!
Then vanish'd for ever that fair, sunny vision,
Which, spite of the slavish, the cold heart's derision,
Shall long be remember'd, pure, bright, and elysian,
As first it arose, my lost Erin! on thee.

I saw from the beach.

Air-Miss Molly.

I saw from the beach, when the morning was shining,
A bark o'er the waters move gloriously on;
I came when the sun o'er that beach was declining—
The bark was still there, but the waters were gone!

Ah! such is the fate of our life's early promise,
So passing the spring-tide of joy we have known;
Each wave that we danc'd on at morning ebbs from us,
And leaves us, at eve, on the bleak shore alone.

Ne'er tell me of glories, serenely adorning

The close of our day, the calm eve of our night;—

Give me back, give me back the wild freshness of

morning,

Her clouds and her tears are worth evening's best light.

Oh! who would not welcome that moment's returning, When passion first wak'd a new life thro' his frame, And his soul, like the wood that grows precious in burning,

Gave out all its sweets to love's exquisite flame!

Fill the bumper fair !

Air-Bob and Joan.

Fill the bumper fair!
Every drop we sprinkle
O'er the brow of Care
Smooths away a wrinkle.
Wit's electric flame
Ne'er so swiftly passes
As when through the frame
It shoots from brimming glasses.

Fill the bumper fair!
Every drop we sprinkle
O'er the brow of Care
Smooths away a wrinkle.

Sages can, they say,
Grasp the lightning's pinions,
And bring down its ray
From the starr'd dominions:—
So we, sages, sit,
And, 'mid bumpers bright'ning,
From the beav'n of wit
Draw down all its lightning!
Fill the bumper fair! etc.

Wouldst thou know what first
Made our souls inherit
This ennobling thirst
For wine's celestial spirit!
It chanc'd upon that day,
When, as bards inform us,
Prometheus stole away
The living fires that warm us.
Fill the bumper fair! etc.

The careless youth, when up
To glory's fount aspiring,
Took nor urn nor cup,
To hide the pilfer'd fire in:



But oh, his joy! when round
The halls of heaven spying,
Amongst the stars he found
A bowl of Bacchus lying.
Fill the bumper fair! etc.

Some drops were in the bowl,
Remains of last night's pleasure,
With which the sparks of soul
Mix'd their burning treasure!
Hence the goblet's shower
Hath such spells to win us—
Hence its mighty power
O'er that flame within us.
Fill the bumper fair! etc.

į

The farewell to my Harp.

Air-New Langolee.

Dear harp of my country! in darkness I found thee,
The cold chain of silence had hung o'er thee long, so
When proudly, my own island harp! I unbound thee,
And gave all thy chords to light, freedom, and song!
The warm lay of love and the light note of gladness
Have waken'd thy fondest, thy liveliest thrill;
But so oft hast thou echoed the deep sigh of sadness,
That e'en in thy mirth it will steal from thee still.

Dear harp of my country! farewell to thy numbers,
This sweet wreath of song is the last we shall twine;
Go—sleep, with the sunshine of fame on thy slumbers,
Till touch'd by some hand less unworthy than mine.
If the pulse of the patriot, soldier, or lover,
Have throbb'd at our lay, 'tis thy glory alone;
I was but as the wind, passing heedlessly over,
And all the wild sweetness I wak'd was thy own.

My gentle harp!

Air-The Coina, or Dirge.

My gentle harp! once more I waken
The sweetness of thy slumb'ring strain;
In tears our last farewell was taken,
And now in tears we meet again.
No light of joy hath o'er thee broken,
But, like those harps whose heavenly skill
Of slavery, dark as thine, hath spoken—
Thou hang'st upon the willows still.

And yet, since last thy chord resounded,
An hour of peace and triumph came,
When many an ardent bosom bounded
With hopes—that now are turn'd to shame.
Yet even then, while Peace was singing
Her halcyon song o'er land and sea,
Though joy and hope to others bringing,
She only brought new tears to thee.

Then, who can ask for notes of pleasure,
My drooping harp, from chords like thine?
Alas, the lark's gay morning measure
As ill would suit the swan's decline!
Or how shall I, who love, who bless thee,
Invoke thy breath for freedom's strains,
When e'en the wreaths in which I dress thee
Are sadly mix'd—half flowers, half chains!

But come—if yet thy frame can borrow
One breath of joy—oh breathe for me,
And show the world, in chains and sorrow,
How sweet thy music still can be;
How lightly, e'en mid gloom surrounding,
Thou yet canst wake at pleasure's thrill—
Like Memnon's broken image, sounding,
'Mid desolation tuneful still!⁵¹

As slow our ship.

Air-The Girl I left behind me.

As slow our ship her foamy track
Against the wind was cleaving,
Her trembling pennant still look'd back
To that dear isle 'twas leaving.
So, loath we part from all we love,
From all the links that bind us;
So turn our hearts, where'er we rove,
To those we've left behind us!

When, round the bowl, of vanish'd years
We talk, with joyous seeming,
And smiles that might as well be tears,
So faint, so sad their beaming;
While mem'ry brings us back again
Each early tie that twin'd us,
Oh, sweet's the cup that circles then
To those we've left behind us!

And, when in other climes we meet
Some isle or vale enchanting,
Where all looks flow'ry, mild and sweet,
And nought but love is wanting;
We think how great had been our bliss,
If Heav'n had but assign'd us
To live and die in scenes like this,
With some we've left behind us!

As trav'llers oft look back at eve,
When eastward darkly going,
To gaze upon that light they leave
Still faint behind them glowing—
So, when the close of pleasure's day
To gloom hath near consign'd us,
We turn to catch one fading ray
Of joy that's left behind us.

In the morning of life.

Air-The little Harvest Rose.

In the morning of life, when its cares are unknows,
And its pleasures in all their new lustre begin,
When we live in a bright beaming world of our ows,
And the light that surrounds us is all from within;
Oh! 'tis not, believe me, in that happy time
We can love, as in hours of less transport we may;
Of our smiles, of our hopes, 'tis the gay sunny prime,
But affection is warmest when these fade away.

When we see the first charm of our youth pass us by,
Like a leaf on the stream, that will never return;
When our cup, which had sparkled with pleasure so
high,
New tester of the other, the dark flowing way.

Now tastes of the other, the dark-flowing urn;
Then, then is the moment affection can sway
With a depth and a tenderness joy never knew;
Love, nurs'd among pleasures, is faithful as they,
But the love born of sorrow, like sorrow is true!

In climes full of sunshine, though splendid their dyes,
Yet faint is the odour the flowers shed about;
'Tis the clouds and the mists of our own weeping skies,
That call their full spirit of fragrancy out.
So the wild glow of passion may kindle from mirth,
But 'tis only in grief true affection appears;—
To the magic of smiles it may first owe its birth,
But the soul of its sweetness is drawn out by tears!

When cold in the earth.

Air-Limerick's Lamentation.51

When cold in the earth lies the friend thou hast lov'd,
Be his faults and his follies forgot by thee then;
Or, if from their slumber the veil be remov'd,
Weep o'er them in silence and close it again.
And oh! if 'tis pain to remember how far
From the pathways of light he was tempted to roam,
Be it bliss to remember that thou wert the star
That arose on his darkness, and guided him home.

From thee and thy innocent beauty first came
The revealings that taught him true love to adore—
To feel the bright presence, and turn him with shame,
From the idols he darkly had knelt to before.
O'er the waves of a life, long benighted and wild,
Thou cam'st like a soft golden calm o'er the sea:
And, if happiness purely and glowingly smil'd
On his ev'ning horizon, the light was from thee.

And the sometimes the shade of past folly would rise,
And the falsehood again would allure him to stray,
He but turn'd to the glory that dwelt in those eyes,
And the folly, the falsehood soon vanish'd away.
As the priests of the sun, when their altar grew dim,
At the day-beam alone could its lustre repair,
So, if virtue a moment grew languid in him,
He but flew to that smile, and rekindled it there!

Remember thee.

Air-Castle Tirowen.

Remember thee! yes, while there's life in this heart, It shall never forget thee, all lorn as thou art, More dear in thy sorrow, thy gloom and thy showers, Than the rest of the world in their sunniest hours.

Wert thou all that I wish thee, great, glorious and free, First flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea, I might hail thee with prouder, with happier brow, But oh! could I love thee more deeply than now?

No, thy chains as they torture thy blood as it runs, But make thee more painfully dear to thy sons— Whose hearts, like the young of the desert-bird's nest, Drink love in each life-drop that flows from thy breast!

Wreath the bowl.

Air-Noran Kista.

Wreath the bowl
With flow'rs of soul,
The brightest wit can find us;
We'll take a flight
Tow'rds heav'n to-night.

And leave dull earth behind us!
Should love amid
The wreaths be hid
That joy, th' enchanter, brings us,
No danger fear
While wine is near,
We'll drown him, if he stings us,
Then, wreath the bowl
With flow'rs of soul,
The brightest wit can find us;
We'll take a flight
Tow'rd heav'n to-night,
And leave dull earth behind us!

"Twas nectar fed
Of old, 'tis said,
Their Junos, Joves, Apollos;
And man may brew
His nectar too,
The rich receipt's as follows:
Take wine, like this,
Let looks of bliss
Around it well be blended,
Then bring wit's beam
To warm the stream,
And there's your nectar, splendid!
So, wreath the bowl, &c.

Say, why did Time His glass sublime Fill up with sands unsightly, When wine, he knew,
Runs brisker through,
And sparkles far more brightly.
Oh, lend it us,
And, smiling thus,
The glass in two we'd sever,
Make pleasure glide
In double tide,
And fill both ends for ever!
Then, wreath the bowl, &c.

Whene'er I see those smiling eyes.

Air-Father Quinn.

Whene'er I see those smiling eyes,
All fill'd with hope, and joy, and light,
As if no cloud could ever rise,
To dim a heav'n so purely bright.—
I sigh to think how soon that brow
In grief may lose its every ray,
And that light heart, so joyous now,
Almost forget it once was gay.

For time will come with all his blights,
The ruin'd hope—the friend unkind—
And love, who leaves, where'er he lights,
A chill'd or burning heart behind!

And youth, that like pure snow appears, Ere sullied by the dark'ning rain, When once 'tis touch'd by sorrow's tears, Will never shine so bright again!

If thou'lt be mine.

Air-The Winnowing Sheet.

If thou'lt me mine, the treasures of air,
Of earth, and sea, shall lie at thy feet;
Whatever in fancy's eye looks fair
Or in hope's sweet music sounds most sweet
Shall be ours, if thou wilt be mine, love!

Bright flow'rs shall bloom wherever we rove,
A voice divine shall talk in each stream,
The stars shall look like worlds of love,
And this earth be all one beautiful dream,
In our eyes, if thou wilt be mine, love!

And thoughts, whose source is hidden and high,
Like streams that flow from heaven-ward hills,
Shall keep our hearts, like meads, that lie
To be bath'd by those eternal rills,
Ever green, if thou wilt be mine, love!

All this and more the spirit of love

Can breathe o'er them who feel his spells;

That heaven, which forms his home, above,
He can make, on earth, wherever he dwells,
As thou'lt own, if thou wilt be mine, love!

To ladies' eyes.

Air-Fague a Ballagh.

To ladies' eyes around, boy,

We can't refuse, we can't refuse,
Though bright eyes so abound, boy,
'Tis hard to choose, 'tis hard to choose.
For thick as stars that lighten
Yon airy bow'rs, yon airy bow'rs,
The countless eyes that brighten
This earth of ours, this earth of ours.
But fill the cup—where'er, boy,
Our choice may fall, our choice may fall,
We're sure to find love there, boy,
So drink them all! so drink them all!

Some looks there are, so holy,
They seem but giv'n, they seem but giv'n,
As splendid beacons solely,
To light to heav'n, to light to heav'n.
While some—oh, ne'er believe them—
With tempting ray, with tempting ray,
Would lead us (God forgive them!)
The other way, the other way.
But fill the cup, &c.

In some, as in a mirror,
Love seems portray'd, love seems portray'd,
But shun the flattering error,
'Tis but his shade, 'tis but his shade.
Himself has fix'd his dwelling
In eyes we know, in eyes we know,
And lips—but this is telling,
So here they go! so here they go!
Fill up, fill up, &c.

Forget not the field.

Air-The Lamentation of Aughrim.

Forget not the field where they perish'd,
The truest, the last of the brave,
All gone—and the bright hope we cherish'd
Gone with them, and quench'd in their grave!

Oh! could we from death but recover
Those hearts, as they bounded before,
In the face of high heav'n to fight over
That combat for freedom once more:—

Could the chain for an instant be riven
Which Tyranny flung round us then,
Oh! 'tis not in man nor in Heaven
To let Tyranny bind it again!

But 'tis past—and, though blazon'd in story
The name of our victor may be,
Accurst is the march of his glory
Which treads o'er the hearts of the free.

Far dearer the grave or the prison,
Illum'd by one patriot name,
Than the trophies of all who have risen
On Liberty's ruins to fame.

They may rail at this life.

Air-Noch bonin ship doe.

They may rail at this life—from the hour I began it,
I've found it a life full of kindness and bliss;
And until they can show me some happier planet,
More social and bright, I'll content me with this.
As long as the world has such eloquent eyes
As before me this moment enraptur'd I see,
They may say what they will of their orbs in the skiess
But this earth is the planet for you, love, and me.

In Mercury's star, where each minute can bring them New sunshine and wit from the fountain on high, 'Tho' the nymphs may have livelier poets to sing them,⁵² They've none, even there, more enamour'd than I. And, as long as this harp can be waken'd to love,
And that eye its divine inspiration shall be,
They may talk as they will of their Edens above,
But this earth is the planet for you, love, and me.

In that star of the west, by whose shadowy splendour, At twilight so often we've roam'd through the dew, There are maidens, perhaps, who have bosoms as tender,

And look, in their twilights, as lovely as you. 53
But, tho' they were even more bright than the queen
Of that isle they inhabit in heaven's blue sea,
As I never these fair young celestials have seen,
Why—this earth is the planet for you, love, and me.

As for those chilly orbs on the verge of creation,
Where sunshine and smiles must be equally rare,
Did they want a supply of cold hearts for that station,
Heav'n knows we have plenty on earth we could
spare.

Oh, think what a world we should have of it here,
If the haters of peace, of affection, and glee,
Were to fly up to Saturn's comfortless sphere,
And leave earth to such spirits as you, love, and me.

Oh for the swords of former time!

Air-Name unknown.

Oh for the swords of former time!
Oh for the men who bore them,
When, arm'd for right, they stood sublime,
And tyrants crouch'd before them!
When pure yet, ere courts began
With honours to enslave him,
The best honours worn by man
Were those which virtue gave him.
Oh for the swords of former time! etc:

Oh for the kings who flourish'd then!
Oh for the pomp that crown'd them,
When hearts and hands of freeborn men
Were all the ramparts round them!
When, safe built on bosoms true,
The throne was but the center
Round which Love a circle drew,
That Treason durst not enter.
Oh for the kings who flourish'd then! etc.

A Canadian boat song.

WRITTEN ON THE RIVER ST. LAWRENCE. 54

Et remigem cantus hortatur.-Quintilian.

Faintly as tolls the evening chime, Our voices keep tune, and our oars keep time. Soon as the woods on shore look dim, We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn! Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast, The rapids are near, and the daylight's past.

Why should we yet our sail unfur!?
There is not a breath the blue wave to curl;
But when the wind blows off the shore,
Oh, sweetly, we'll rest our weary oar.
Blow, breezes, blow, &c.

Utáwas' tide! this trembling moon
Shall see us float over thy surges soon.
Saint of this green Isle! hear our prayer,
Grant us cool heavens and favouring air!
Blow, breezes, blow, &c.

Ne'er ask the hour.

Air-My husband's a journey to Portugal gone.

Ne'er ask the hour, what is it to us How time deals out his treasures? The golden moments lent us thus, Are not his coin, but Pleasure's.

If counting them over could add to their blisses,
I'd number each glorious second;
But moments of joy, are like Lesbia's kisses,
Too quick and sweet to be reckon'd.
Then fill the cup, what is it to us
How time his circle measures?
The fairy hours we call up thus,
Obey no wand but Pleasure's!

Young Joy ne'er thought of counting hours,
Till Care, one summer morning,
Sat up, among his smiling flowers,
A dial, by way of warning;
But Joy lov'd better to gaze on the sun,
As long as his light was glowing,
Than to watch with old Care how the shadow stole on,
And how fast the light was going.
So fill up the cup, what is it to us
How Time his circle measures?
The fairy hours we call up thus,
Obey no wand but Pleasure's!

Sail on, sail on.

Air-The Humming of the Ban.

Sail on, sail on, thou fearless bark—
Wherever blows the welcome wind,
It cannot lead to scenes more dark,
More sad than those we leave behind.
Each wave that passes seems to say,
"Though death beneath our smile may be,
Less cold we are, less false than they
Whose smiling wreck'd thy hopes and thee."

Sail on, sail on—through endless space—
Through calm—through tempest—stop no more;
The stormiest sea's a resting place
To him who leaves such hearts on shore.
Or,—if some desert land we meet,
Where never yet false-hearted men
Profan'd a world, that else were sweet—
Then rest thee, bark, but not till then.

The Parallel.

Air-1 would rather than Ireland.

Yes, sad one of Sion—if closely resembling,55 In shame and in sorrow, thy wither'd-up heart; If drinking deep, deep of the same "cup of trembling," Could make us thy children, our parent thou art,

Like thee doth our nation lie conquer'd and broken, And fall'n from her head is the once royal crown; In her streets, in her halls, desolation hath spoken, And "while it is day yet, her sun has gone down."

Like thine doth her exile, mid dreams of returning,
Die far from the home it were life to behold;
Like thine do her sons, in the day of their mourning,
Remember the bright things that bless'd them of old.

Ah, well may we call her, like thee, "the forsaken,"

Her boldest are vanquish'd, her proudest are slaves;

And the harps of her minstrels, when gayest they waken,

Have breathings as sad as the wind over graves.

Yet hadst thou thy vengeance—yet came there the morrow

That shines out, at last, on the longest dark night,
When the sceptre, that smote thee with slavery and
sorrow,

Was shiver'd, at once, like a reed in thy sight.

When that cup, which for others the proud Golden City⁵⁸

Had brimm'd full of bitterness, drench'd her own lips, And the world she had trampled on, heard without pity The howl in her halls and the cry from her ships. When the curse Heaven keeps for the haughty came over,

Her merchants rapacious, her rulers unjust, And—a ruin at last for the earth-worm to cover— The Lady of Kingdoms lay low in the dust.⁵⁹

Drink of this cup.

Air-Paddy O'Rafferty.

Drink of this cup—you'll find there's a spell in Its every drop 'gainst the ills of mortality— Talk of the cordial that sparkled for Helen, Her cup was a fiction, but this is reality.

Would you forget the dark world we are in,
Only taste of the bubble that gleams on the top of it;
But would you rise above earth, till akin
To immortals themselves, you must drain every drop
of it.

Send round the cup—for oh, there's a spell in Its every drop 'gainst the ills of mortality— Talk of the cordial that sparkled for Helen, Her cup is a fiction, but this is reality.

Never was philter form'd with such power To charm and bewilder as this we are quaffing; Its magic began when, in autumn's rich hour, As a harvest of gold in the fields it stood laughing. There, having by nature's enchantment been fill'd With the balm and the bloom of her kindliest weather, This wonderful juice from its core was distill'd, To enliven such hearts as are here brought together!

Then drink of the cup—you'll find there's a spell in Its every drop 'gainst the ills of mortality— Talk of the cordial that sparkled for Helen, Her cup was a fiction, but this is reality.

And though, perhaps—but breathe it to no one— Like caldrons the witch brews at midnight so awful, In secret this philter was first taught to flow on; Yet, 'tis not the less potent for being unlawful.

What, tho, it may taste of the smoke of that flame, Which in silence extracted its virtue forbidden—
Fill up—there, fire in some hearts I could name,
Which may work too its charm, though now lawful and hidden.

So drink of the cup—for oh, there's a spell in Its every drop 'gainst the ills of mortality— Talk of the cordial that sparkled for Helen, Her cup was a fiction, but this is reality.

The Fortune-teller.

Air.—Open the door softly.

Down in the valley come meet me to-night, And I'll tell you your fortune truly As ever 'twas told, by the new moon's light, To young maiden shining as newly.

But, for the world, let no one be nigh,

Lest haply the stars should deceive me;

These secrets, between you and me and the sky,

Should never go farther, believe me.

If at that hour the heavens be not dim, My science shall call up before you A male apparition—the image of him Whose destiny 'tis to adore you.

Then to the phantom be thou but kind,
And round you so fondly he'll hover,
You'll hardly, my dear, any difference find
'Twixt him and a true living lover.

Down at your feet, in the pale moonlight, He'll kneel, with a warmth of emotion— An ardour, of which such an innocent sprite You'd scarcely believe had a notion. What other thoughts and events may arise, As in destiny's book I've not seen them, Must only be left to the stars and your eyes To settle, ere morning, between them.

Oh, ye dead.

Air-Plough Tune.

Oh, ye dead! oh, ye dead! whom we know by the light you give

From your cold gleaming eyes, though you move like men who live,

Why leave you thus your graves, In far-off fields and waves.

Where the worm and the sea-bird only know your bed,

To haunt this spot, where all Those eyes that went your fall,

And the hearts that bewail'd you, like your own, lie dead?

It is true—it is true—we are shadows cold and wan; It is true—it is true—all the friends we loved are gone.

But, oh! thus e'en in death,

So sweet is still the breath

Of the fields and the flow'rs in our youth we wander'd o'er,

That, ere condemn'd we go To freeze mid Hecla's snow,⁶⁰

We would taste it awhile, and dream we live once more!

O' Donohue's mistress.

Air-The little and great mountain.

Of all the fair months, that round the sun
In light-link'd dance their circles run,
Sweet May, sweet May, shine thou for me;
For still, when thy earliest beams arise,
That youth, who beneath the blue lake lies,
Sweet May, sweet May, returns to me.

Of all the smooth lakes where daylight leaves
His lingering smile on golden eves,
Fair lake, fair lake, thou'rt dear to me;
For when the last April sun grows dim,
Thy Naiads prepare his steed for him
Who dwells, who dwells, bright lake, in thee.

Of all the proud steeds that ever bore
Young plum'd chiefs on sea or shore,
White steed, white steed, most joy to thee,
Who still with the first young glance of spring
From under that glorious lake dost bring,
Proud steed, proud steed, my love to me.

While, white as the sail some bark unfurls
When newly launch'd, thy long mane curls,
Fair steed, fair steed, as white and free;
And spirits, from all the lake's deep bowers,
Glide o'er the blue wave scattering flowers,
Fair steed, around my love and thee.

Of all the sweet deaths that maidens die,
Whose lovers beneath the cold wave lie,
Most sweet, most sweet, that death will be,
Which under the next May evening's light,
When thou and thy steed are lost to sight,
Dear love, dear love, I'll die for thee.

Echo.

Air-The Wren.

How sweet the answer echo makes
To music at night,
When roused by lute or horn, she wakes,
And far away, o'er lawns and lakes,
Goes answering light.

Yet love hath echoes truer far,
And far more sweet,
Than e'er beneath the moonlight's star,
Of horn, or lute, or soft guitar,
The songs repeat.

'Tis when the sigh in youth sincere,
And only then,—
The sigh that's breath'd for one to hear,
Is by that one, that only dear,
Breath'd back again '

Oh, banquet not.

Air-Plankty Irwine.

Oh banquet not in those shining bowers,
Where youth resorts—but come to me,
For mine's a garden of faded flowers,
More fit for sorrow, for age and thee.
And there we shall have our feasts of tears,
And many a cup of silence pour—
Our guests, the shade of former years,
Our toasts, to lips that bloom no more.

There, while the myrtle's withering boughs
Their lifeless leaves around us shed,
We'll brim the bowl to broken vows,
To friends long lost, the chang'd, the dead.
Or, as some blighted laurel waves
Its branches o'er the dreary spot,
We'll drink to those neglected graves,
Where valour sleeps, unnam'd, forgot!

Thee, thee, only thee.

Air-Staca an Mharaga.-(The Market-stake.)

The dawning of morn, the daylight's sinking,
The night's long hours still find me thinking
Of thee, thee, only thee.
When friends are met, and goblets crown'd,
And smiles are near, that once enchanted,
Unreach'd by all that sunshine round,
My soul, like some dark spot, is haunted
By thee, thee, only thee.

Whatever in fame's high path could waken
My spirit once, is now forsaken
For thee, thee, only thee.
Like shores, by which some headlong bark
To the ocean hurries—resting never—
Life's scenes go by me, bright or dark,
I know not, heed not, hastening ever
To thee, thee, only thee.

I have not a joy but of thy bringing,
And pain itself seems sweet, when springing
From thee, thee, only thee.
Like spells, that nought on earth can break,
Till lips, that know the charm have spoken,
This heart, howe'er the world may wake
Its grief, its scorn, can but be broken
By thee, thee, only thee.

Shall the harp then be silent?

Air-M'Farlane's lamentation.

Shall the harp then be silent when he, who first gave
To our country a name, is withdrawn from our eyes?
Shall a minstrel of Erin stand mute by the grave,
Where the first, where the last of her patriots lies?

No—faint tho' the death-song may fall from his lips, Though his harp, like his soul, may with shadows be crost,

Yet, yet it shall sound, mid a nation's eclipse,

And proclaim to the world what a star hath been
lost!

What a union of all the affections and powers,
By which life is exalted, embellish'd, refin'd,
Was embrac'd in that spirit—whose centre was ours,
While its mighty circumference circled mankind.

Oh, who that loves Erin—or who that can see,
Thro' the waste of her annals, that epoch sublime—
Like a pyramid, rais'd in the desert—where he
And his glory stand out to the eyes of all time!

That one lucid interval, snatched from the gloom
And the madness of ages, when, fill'd with his soul,
A nation o'erleap'd the dark bounds of her doom,
And for one sacred instant, touch'd liberty's goal!

Who that ever hath heard him—hath drank at the source

Of that wonderful eloquence, all Erin's own, In whose high-thoughted daring, the fire and the force, And the yet untam'd spring of her spirit are shown—

An eloquence rich—wheresoever its wave Wander'd free and triumphant—with thoughts that shone through,

As clear as the brook's stone of lustre, and gave With the flash of the gem, its solidity too.

Who that ever approach'd him, when free from the crowd,

In a home full of love, he delighted to tread 'Mong the trees which a nation had giv'n, and which bow'd,

As if each brought a new civic crown for his head:

That home where—like him who as fable had told

Put the rays from his brow, that his child might

come near—

Every glory forgot, the most wise of the old

Became all that simplest and youngest hold dear.

Is there one who has thus, through his orbit of life,

But at a distance observ'd him—through glory,

through blame,

In the calm of retreat, in the grandeur of strife, Whether shining or clouded, still and the same? Such a union of all that enriches life's hour,

Of the sweetness we love and the greatness we
praise,

As that type of simplicity blended with power,

A child with a thunderbolt only portrays.

Oh, no!—not a heart that e'er knew him but mourns, Deep, deep, o'er the grave, where such glory is shrin'd—

O'er a monument fame will preserve, 'mong the urns Of the wisest, the bravest, the best of mankind!

Oh, the sight entrancing.

Air-Plankty Sudley.

Oh, the sight entrancing,
When morning's beam is glancing
O'er files, array'd
With helm and blade,
And plumes, in the gay wind dancing !
When hearts are all high beating,
And the trumpet's voice repeating
That song, whose breath
May lead to death,
But never to retreating!

Oh, the sight entrancing,
When morning's beam is glancing
O'er files, array'd
With helm and blade,
And plumes, in the gay wind dancing!

Yet, 'tis not helm or feather—
For ask yon despot, whether
His plumed bands
Could bring such hands
And hearts as ours together?
Leave pomps to those who need 'em—
Adorn but man with freedom,
And proud he braves
The gaudiest slaves,
That crawl, where monarchs lead 'em,

The gaudiest slaves,
That crawl, where monarchs lead 'em,
The sword may pierce the beaver,
Stone walls in time may sever,
'Tis heart alone.

Worth steel and stone,
That keeps men free for ever!
Oh, that sight entrancing,
When the morning's beam is glancing
O'er files, array'd
With helm and blade,

And in freedom's cause advancing!

Sweet Innisfallan.

Air-The captivating youth.

Sweet Innisfallan, fare thee well,
May calm and sunshine long be thine!
How fair thou art let others tell,
While but to feel how fair is mine!

Sweet Innisfallan, fare thee well,
And long may light around thee smile,
As soft as on that evening fell,
When first I saw thy fairy Isle!

Thou wert too lovely then for one
Who had to turn to paths of care—
Who had through vulgar crowds to run,
And leave thee bright and silent there;

No more along thy shores to come, But, on the world's dim ocean toss'd, Dream of thee sometimes, as a home Of sunshine he had seen and lost!

Far better in thy weeping hours
To part from thee, as I do now,
When mist is o'er thy blooming bowers,
Like sorrow's veil on beauty's brow.

For, though unrivall'd in thy grace,
Thou dost not look, as then, too blest,
But, in thy shadows, seemst a place
Where weary man might hope to rest.

Might hope to rest, and find in thee
A gloom like Eden's, on the day
He left its shade, when every tree,
Like thine, hung weeping o'er his way!

Weeping or smiling, lovely Isle!

And still the lovelier for thy tears—
For though but rare thy sunny smile,

'Tis Heav'n's own glance, when it appears.

Like feeling hearts, whose joys are few,
But, when indeed they come, divine—
The steadiest light the sun e'er threw
Is lifeless to one gleam of thine!

'Twas one of those dreams.

Air-The Song of the Woods.

Twas one of those dreams, that by music are brought, Like a light summer haze, o'er the poet's warm thought—

When, lost in the future, his soul wanders on, And all of this life, but its sweetness, is gone. The wild notes he heard o'er the waters were those To which he had sung Erin's bondage and woes, And the breath of the bugle had wafted them o'er From Dinnis' green Isle to Glena's wooded shore.

He listened—while, high o'er the eagle's rude nest
The lingering sounds on their way lov'd to rest;
And the echoes sung back from their full mountain
choir,

As if loth to let song so enchanting expire.

It seem'd as if ev'ry sweet note that died here. Was again brought to life in some airier sphere, Some heaven in those hills, where the soul of the strain That had ceas'd upon earth, was awaking again.

Oh forgive, if, while listening to music, whose breath Seem'd to circle his name with a charm against death, He should feel a proud spirit within him proclaim,

- "Even so shalt thou live in the echoes of fame;
- " Even so, though thy memory should now die away,
- "Twill be caught up again in some happier day; "And the hearts and the voices of Erin prolong,
- "Thro' the answering future, thy name and thy song!"

Fairest! put on a while.

Air-Cummilum.

Fairest! put on a while
These pinions of light I bring thee,
And o'er thy own green isle
In fancy let me wing thee.
Never did Ariel's plume,
At golden sunset, hover
O'er such soenes of bloom,
As I shall waft thee over!

Fields, where the spring delays,
And fearlessly meets the ardour
Of the warm Summer's gaze,
With but her tears to guard her.
Rocks, through myrtle boughs
In grace majestic frowning—
Like some warrior's brows,
That love hath just been crowning.

Islets, so freshly fair,
That never hath bird come nigh them,
But from his course through air,
Hath been won downward by them—
Types, sweet maid, of thee,
Whose look, whose blush inviting,
Never did Love yet see
From Heav'n, without alighting.

IRISH MELODIES.

Lakes, where the pearl lies hid,
And caves, where the diamond's sleeping,
Bright as the gems that lid
Of thine lets fall in weeping.
Glens, where Ocean comes,
To 'scape the wild wind's rancour,
And Harbours, worthiest homes,
Where freedom's sails could anchor.

Then if while scenes so grand,
So beautiful, shine before thee,
Pride for thy own dear land
Should haply be stealing o'er thee,
Oh, let grief come first,
O'er pride itself victorious—
To think how man hath curst
What Heaven hath made so glorious!

Quick! we have but a second.

Air-Paddy Snap.

Quick! we have but a second,
Fill round the cup while you may;
For Time, the churl, hath beckon'd,
And we must pass away, away!
11*

Grasp the pleasure that's flying,
For oh! not Orpheus' strain
Could keep sweet hours from dying,
Or charm them to life again—
Then quick! we have but a second, etc.

See the glass, how it flushes,
Like some young Hebe's lip,
And half meets thine, and blushes
That thou shouldst delay to sip.
Shame, oh shame unto thee,
If ever thou seest that day,
When a cup or lip shall woo thee,
And turn untouch'd away.
Then quick! we have but a second, etc.

And doth not a meeting like this.

Air-Unknown.

And doth not a meeting like this make amends

For all the long years I've been wand'ring away—
To see thus around me my youth's early friends,
As smiling and kind as in that happy day!
Though haply o'er some of your brows, as o'er mine,
The snow-fall of time may be stealing—what then?
Like Alps in the sunset, thus lighted by wine,
We'll wear the gay tinge of youth's roses again.

What soften'd remembrances come o'er the heart,
In gazing on those we've been lost to so long!
The sorrows, the joys, of which once they were part,
Still round them, like visions of yesterday, throng.
As letters some hand hath invisibly trac'd,
When held to the flame will steal out on the sight,
So many a feeling that long seem'd effac'd,
The warmth of a meeting like this brings to light.

And thus, as in memory's bark, we shall glide
To visit the scenes of our boyhood anew,
Though oft we may see, looking down on the tide,
The wreck of full many a hope shining through—
Yet still, as in fancy we point to the flowers,
That once made a garden of all the gay shore,
Deceiv'd for a moment, we'll think them still ours,
And breathe the fresh air of Life's morning once
more.

So brief our existence, a glimpse, at the most,
Is all we can have of the friends we hold dear;
And oft even joy is unheeded and lost,
For want of some heart, that could echo it, near.
Oh, well may we hope, when this short life is gone,
To meet in some world of more permanent bliss,
For, a smile or a grasp of the hand hast'ning on,
Is all we enjoy of each other in this.

'n

But, come—the more rare such delights to the heart,
The more we should welcome and bless them the
more—

They're ours, when we meet—they are lost when we part,

Like birds that bring summer, and fly when its o'er.

Thus circling the cup, hand in hand, ere we drink,

Let Sympathy pledge us, thro' pleasure, thro' pain,

That fast as a feeling but touches one link,

Her magic shall send it direct through the chain.

The Mountain Sprite.

Air-The Mountain Sprite.

In yonder valley there dwelt, alone,
A youth, whose life had all calmly flown,
Till spells came o'er him, and, day and night,
He was haunted and watch'd by a mountain sprite.

As he, by moonlight, went wand'ring o'er The golden sands of that island shore, A foot-print sparkled before his sight— 'Twas the fairy foot of the mountain sprite.

Beside a fountain, one sunny day,
As looking down on the stream, he lay,
Behind him stole two eyes of light,
And he saw in the clear wave the mountain sprite.

He turn'd—but, lo, like a startled bird, The spirit fled—and he only heard Sweet music, such as marks the flight Of a journeying star, from the mountain sprite.

One night, pursued by that dazzling look, The youth, bewilder'd, his pencil took, And, guided only by memory's light, Drew the fairy form of the mountain sprite.

- "Oh thou, who lovest the shadow," cried A gentle voice, whisp'ring by his side, "Now turn and see"—here the youth's delight Seal'd the rosy lips of the mountain sprite.
- "Of all the spirits of land and sea,"
 Exclaim'd he then, "there is none like thee;
 And oft, oh oft, may thy shape alight
 "In this lonely arbour, aweet mountain sprite!"

As vanquish'd Erin.

Air-The Boyne Water.

As vanquish'd Erin wept beside The Boyne's ill-fated river, She saw where discord, in the tide, Had dropp'd his loaded quiver.

- "Lie hid," she cried, "ye venom'd darts
 "Where mortal eye may shun you;
- "Lie hid—for oh! the stain of hearts
 "That bled for me is on you."

But vain her wish, her weeping vain,
As time too well has taught her—
Each year the fiend returns again,
And dives into that water;
And brings, triumphant, from beneath
His shafts of desolation,
And sends them, wing'd with worse than death,
Throughout her madd'ning nation.

Alas for her, who sits and mourns,
E'en now, beside that river—
Unwearied still the fiend returns,
And stor'd is still his quiver.
"When will this end, ye powers of good!"
She weeping asks for ever;
But only hears, from out that flood,
The Demon answer, "Never!"

Desmond's Song.

Air-Unknown.

By the Feal's wave benighted,
Not a star in the skies,
To thy door by love lighted,
I first saw those eyes.
Some voice whisper'd o'er me,
As the threshold I crost,
There was ruin before me,
If I lov'd I was lost.

Love came, and brought sorrow
Too soon in his train;
Yet so sweet, that to-morrow
Twould be welcome again.
Were misery's full measure
Pour'd out to me now,
I would drain it with pleasure,
So the Hebe were thou.

You, who call it dishonour
To bow to this flame,
If you've eyes, look but on her,
And blush while you blame.
Hath the pearl less whiteness
Because of its birth?
Hath the violet less brightness
For growing near earth?

No—man, for his glory,
To history flies;
While woman's bright story
Is told in her eyes.
While the monarch but traces
Through mortals his line,
Beauty, born of the graces,
Rank's next to divine!

They know not my heart.

Air-Coolon Das.

They know not my heart, who believe there, can be One stain of this earth in its feelings for thee; Who think, while I see thee in beauty's young hour, As pure as the morning's first dew on the flow'r, I could harm what I love—as the sun's wanton ray, But smiles on the dew-drop, to waste it away!

No—beaming with light as those young features are, There's a light round thy heart which is lovelier far: It is not that cheek—'tis the soul dawning clear Thro' its innocent blush makes thy beauty so dear—As the sky we look up to, though glorious and fair, Is look'd up to more, because heaven is there!

I wish I was by that dim lake.

Air-I wish I was on yonder hill.

I wish I was by that dim lake
Where sinful souls their farewell take
Of this vain world and half-way lie
In death's cold shadows ere they die.
There, there, far from thee,
Deceitful world, my home should be—
Where, come what might of gloom and pain,
False hope should ne'er deceive again!

The lifeless sky, the mournful sound
Of unseen waters, falling round—
The dry leaves quiv'ring o'er my head,
Like man unquiet e'en when dead:
These—ay—these should wean
My soul from life's deluding scene,
And turn each thought each wish I have,
Like willows, downwards tow'rds the grave.

As they, who to their couch at night Would welcome sleep, first quench the light, So must the hopes, that keep this breast Awake, be quench'd ere it can rest; Cold, cold, my heart must grow, Unchang'd by either joy or wo, Like freezing founts, where all that's thrown Within their current turns to stone.

She sung of love.

Air-The Munster man.

She sung of love—while o'er her lyre
The rosy rays of evening fell,
As if to feed with their soft fire
The soul within that trembling shell.
The same rich light hung o'er her cheek,
And play'd around those lips, that sung
And spoke, as flowers would sing and speak,
If love could lend their leaves a tongue.

But soon the west no longer burn'd,
Each rosy ray from heav'n withdrew;
And, when to gaze again I turn'd,
The minstrel's form seem'd fading too.
As if her light and heav'n's were one,
The glory all had left that frame;
And from her glimmering lips the tone,
As from a parting spirit, came.

Who ever lov'd, but had the thought
That he and all he lov'd must part?
Fill'd with this fear, I flew and caught
That fading image to my heart—
And cried, "Oh, Love! is this thy doom?
Oh light of youth's resplendent day!
Must ye then lose your golden bloom,
And thus, like sunshine, die away?"

Sing-sing-music was given.

Air-The humours of Ballamaguiry, or the old Langolee.

Sing—sing—music was given,
To brighten the gay, and kindle the loving;
Souls here, like planets in heaven,
By harmony's laws alone are kept moving.
Beauty may boast of her eyes and her cheeks,
But Love from the lips his true archery wings;
And she, who but feathers the dart, when she speaks,
At once sends it home to the heart when she sings.
Then, sing—sing, &c.

When Love, rock'd by his mother,
Lay sleeping, as calm as slumber could make him,
"Hush, hush," said Venus, "no other
Sweet voice but his own is worthy to wake him,"
Dreaming of music he slumber'd the while,
Till faint from his lip a soft melody broke,
And, Venus, enchanted, look'd on with a smile,
While Love to his own sweet singing awoke!
Then, sing—sing, &c.

The East Indian.

Air-Mozart.

Come May, with all thy flowers, Thy sweetly scented thorn, Thy cooling ev'ning showers, Thy fragrant breath at morn.

When May-flies haunt the willow, When May-buds tempt the bee, Then o'er the shining billow My love will come to me.

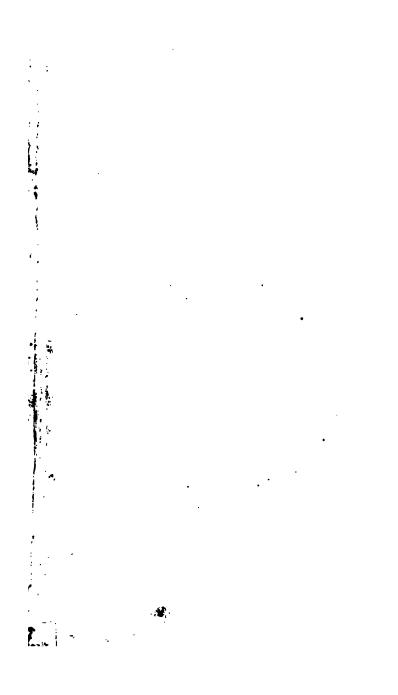
From eastern isles she's winging, Through wat'ry wilds her way, And on her cheek is bringing, The bright sun's orient ray;

Oh! come and court her hither Ye breezes mild and warm, One winter's gale would wither So soft so pure a form.

The fields where she was straying, Are blest with endless light, With zephyrs always playing, Through gardens always bright;

IRISH MELODIES.

Then now, oh May! be sweeter
Than e'er thou'st been before,
Let sighs from roses meet her
When she comes near our shore.



SACRED SONGS.

Thou art, Oh God!

Air-Unknown, 61

"The day is thine; the night also is thine; thou hast prepared the light and the sun.

"Thou hast set all the borders of the earth; thou hast made summer and winter."—Psalm lxxiv. 16, 17.

THOU art, oh God! the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from Thee.
Where'er we turn thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine.

When Day, with farewell beam, delays
Among the opening clouds of even,
And we can almost think we gaze
Through golden vistas into heaven;
Those hues, that make the sun's decline
So soft, so radiant, Lord! are Thine,

When night, with wings of starry gloom,
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume
Is sparkling with unnumber'd eyes;—
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord! are thine.

When youthful Spring around us breathes,
Thy Spirit warms her fragrant sigh;
And every flower the Summer wreathes
Is born beneath that kindling eye.
Where'er we turn thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine.

This world is all a fleeting show.

Air-Stevenson.

This world is all a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given;
The smiles of Joy, the tears of Woe,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow—
There's nothing true but Heav'n.

And false the light on Glory's plume,
As fading hues of Even;
And Love, and Hope, and Beauty's bloom,
Are blossoms gathered for the tomb—
There's nothing bright but Heaven!

Poor wanderers of a stormy day,
From wave to wave we're driven,
And Fancy's flash and Reason's ray
Serve but to light the troubled way—
There's nothing calm but Heaven!

Fall'n is thy throne.

· Air-Martini.

Fall'n is thy throne, oh Israel!
Silence is o'er thy plains;
Thy dwellings all lie desolate,
Thy children weep in chains.
Where are the dews that fed thee
On Etham's barren shore?
That fire from heaven which led thee,
Now lights thy path no more.

Lord! thou didst love Jerusalem;—
Once she was all thy own;
Her love, thy fairest heritage, 62
Her power thy glory's throne. 63
Till evil came and blighted
Thy long-loved olive-tree;—64
And Salem's shrines were lighted
For other gods than Thee!

Then sunk the star of Solyma;
Then pass'd her glory's day,
Like heath, that, in the wilderness, 65
The wild wind whirls away.
Silent and waste her bowers,
Where once the guilty trod,
And sunk those mighty towers,
While Baal reign'd as God!

- "Go," said the Lord, "ye conquerors!
 - " Steep in her blood your swords,
- "And raze to earth her battlements, 68
 - " For they are not the Lord's!
- "Till Zion's mournful daughter
 - "O'er kindred bones shall tread,
- " And Hinnom's vale of slaughter 67
 - " Shall hide but half her dead!"

Saint Jerome's love.68

Air-Beethoven.

Who is the maid my spirit seeks,
Through cold reproof and slander's blight?
Has she Love's roses on her cheeks?
Is hers an eye of this world's light?
No, wan and sunk with midnight prayer
Are the pale looks of her I love;
Or if, at times, a light be there,
Its beam is kindled from above.

I chose not her, my soul's elect,

From those who seek their Maker's shrine
In gems and garlands proudly deck'd,
As if themselves were things divine!
No—Heav'n but faintly warms the breast
That beats beneath a broider'd veil;
And she who comes in glittering vest
To mourn her frailty, still is frail.⁶⁹

Not so the faded form I prize,
And love, because its bloom is gone;
The glory in those sainted eyes
Is all the grace her brow puts on.
And ne'er was Beauty's dawn so bright,
So touching as that form's decay,
Which, like the altar's trembling light,
In holy lustre wastes away!

The bird let loose.

Air-Beethoven.

The bird, let loose in eastern skies, 70
When hastening fondly home,
Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies
Where idle warblers roam.
But high she shoots through air and light,
Above all low delay,
Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,
Nor shadow dims her way.

So grant me, God, from every care,
And stain of passion free,
Aloft, through virtue's purer air,
To hold my course to Thee!
No sin to cloud—no lure to stay
My Soul, as home she springs;—
Thy Sunshine on her joyful way,
Thy Freedom in her wings!

Oh! Thou, who dry'st the mourner's tear

Air-Haydo.

"He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wound —Psalm exivii. 3.

Oh! Thou, who dry'st the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If, when deceiv'd and wounded here,
We could not fly to Thee!
The friends, who in our sunshine live,
When winter comes, are flown;
And he, who has but tears to give,
Must weep those tears alone.
But Thou wilt heal that broken heart,
Which, like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of wo-

sages songs.

When Joy no longer soothes or cheers,
And e'en the hope that threw
A moment's sparkle o'er our tears,
Is dimm'd and vanish'd too!
Oh! who would bear Life's stormy doom,
Did not Thy wing of love
Come, brightly wafting through the gloom
Our peace-branch from above?
Then Sorrow, touch'd by Thee, grows bright
With more than rapture's ray;
As Darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day!

Weep not for those.

Air-Avison

Weep not for those, whom the veil of the tomb,
In life's happy morning, hath hid from our eyes,
Ere sin threw a blight o'er the spirit's young bloom,
Or earth had profan'd what was born for the skies.
Death chill'd the fair fountain, ere sorrow had stain'd
it,

'Tis frozen in all the pure light of its course,

And but sleeps, till the sunshine of Heav'n has unchain'd it,

To water that Eden, where first was its source!

Weep not for those, whom the veil of the tomb, In life's happy morning, hath hid from our eyes, Ere sin threw a blight o'er the spirit's young bloom, Or earth had profap'd what was born for the skies. Mourn not for her, the young Bride of the Vale, 71
Our gayest and loveliest, lost to us now?
Ere life's early lustre had time to grow pale,
And the garland of Love was yet fresh on her brow;

Oh! then was her moment, dear Spirit, for flying From this gloomy world, while its gloom was unknown;—

And the wild hymns she warbled so sweetly, in dying, Were echoed in Heaven by lips like her own!

Weep not for her—in her spring-time she flew

To that land where the wings of the soul are unfurl'd,

And now, like a star beyond evening's cold dew, Looks radiantly down on the tears of this world.

The turf shall be my fragrant shrine.

Air-Stevenson.

The turf shall be my fragrant shrine; My temple, Lord! that Arch of thine; My censer's breath the mountain airs, And silent thoughts my only prayers.⁷²

My choir shall be the moonlight waves, When murmuring homeward to their caves, Or when the stillness of the sea, E'en more than music, breathes of Thee! I'll seek, by day, some glade unknown, All light and silence, like thy Throne! And the pale stars shall be, at night, The only eyes that watch my rite.

Thy Heaven, on which tis bliss to look, Shall be my pure and shining Book, Where I shall read, in words of flame, The glories of thy wondrous Name.

I'll read thy Anger in the rack That clouds awhile the day-beam's track; Thy Mercy, in the azure hue Of sunny brightness, breaking through!

There's nothing bright, above, below, From flowers that bloom to stars that glow, But in its light my soul can see Some feature of thy Deity!

There's nothing dark, below, above, But in its gloom I trace thy Love, And meekly wait that moment, when Thy touch shall turn all bright again!

Miriam's Song.

Air-Avison, 73

"And Miriam, the Prophetess, the sister of Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand; and all the women went out after her, with timbrels and with dances."—Esod xv. 20.

Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea! Jehovah has triumph'd—his people are free. Sing—for the pride of the Tyrant is broken:

His chariots, his horsemen, all splendid and brave, How vain was their boasting!—The Lord hath but spoken,

And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the wave. Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea! Jehovah has triumph'd—kis people are free.

Praise to the Conqueror, praise to the Lord, His word was our arrow, his breath was our sword! Who shall return to tell Egypt the story

Of those she sent forth in the hour of her pride?

For the Lord hath look'd out from his pillar of glory,74

And all her brave thousands are dash'd in the tide. Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea! Jehovah has triumph'd—his people are free.

Go, let me weep.

Air-Stevenson.

Go, let me weep! there's bliss in tears,
When he who sheds them, inly feels
Some lingering stain of early years
Effac'd by every drop that steals.
The fruitless showers of worldly wo
Fall dark to earth, and never rise;
While tears that from repentance flow,
In bright exhalement reach the skies.
Go, let me weep! there's bliss in tears,
When he who sheds them, inly feels
Some lingering stain of early years
Effac'd by every drop that steals.

Leave me to sigh o'er hours that flew
More idly than the summer's wind,
And, while they pass'd, a fragrance threw,
But left no trace of sweets behind.
The warmest sigh that pleasure heaves
Is cold, is faint to those that swell
The heart where pure repentance grieves
O'er hours of pleasure, lov'd too well!
Leave me to sigh o'er days that flew
More idly than the summer's wind,
And while they pass'd, a fragrance threw,
But left no trace of sweets behind.

Come not, Oh Lord!

Air-Haydn.

Come not, Oh Lord! in the dread robe of splendour Thou wor'st on the Mount, in the day of thine ire; Come veil'd in those shadows, deep, awful, but tender, Which Mercy flings over thy features of fire!

Lord! thou rememb'rest the night, when thy nation⁷⁵
Stood fronting her foe by the red-rolling stream;
On Egypt thy pillar frown'd dark desolation,⁷⁶
While Israel bask'd all the night in its beam.

So, when the dread clouds of anger enfold Thee, From us, in thy mercy, the dark side remove; While shrouded in terrors the guilty behold Thee, Oh! turn upon us the mild light of thy love!

Were not the sinful Mary's tears.

Air-Stevenson.

Were not the sinful Mary's tears
An offering worthy Heaven,
When o'er the faults of former years
She wept—and was forgiven?

When bringing every balmy sweet Her day of luxury stor'd, She o'er her Saviour's hallow'd feet The precious perfumes pour'd;—

And wip'd them with that golden hair
Where once the diamond shone,
Though now those gems of grief were there
Which shine for God alone!

Were not those sweets, so humbly shed—
That hair—those weeping eyes—
And the sunk heart, that inly bled—
Heav'n's noblest sacrifice?

Thou, that hast slept in error's sleep, Oh! wouldst thou wake in heaven, Like Mary kneel, like Mary weep, "Love much"—and be forgiven!

As down in the sunless retreats.

Air-Haydn.

As down in the sunless retreats of the ocean Sweet flowers are springing no mortal can see, So, deep in my soul the still prayer of devotion, Unheard by the world, rises silent to Thee;

Saint Augustine to his sister.*

Air-Moore.

Oh fair! oh purest! be thou the dove That flies alone to some sunny grova; And lives unseen, and bathes her wing, All vestal white, in the limpid spring. There, if the hovering hawk be near, That limpid spring in its mirror clear Reflects him, ere he can reach his prey, And warns the timorous bird away.

Oh! be like this dove; Oh fair! oh purest! be like this dove.

The sacred pages of God's own beok
Shall be the spring, the eternal brook,
In whose holy mirror, night and day,
Thou wilt study Heaven's reflected ray:
And should the foes of virtue dare
With gloomy wing to seek thee there,
Thou wilt see how dark their shadows lie
Between Heaven and thee, and trembling fly!

Oh! be like the dove; Oh fair! oh purest! be like the dove.

Angel of Charity.

Air-Handel.

Angel of charity, who, from above,
Comest to dwell a pilgrim here—
Thy voice is music, thy smile is love,
And pity's soul is in thy tear!
When on the shrine of God were laid
First-fruits of all most good and fair
That ever grew in Eden's shade,
Thine was the holiest offering there!

Hope, and her sister, faith, were given
But as our guides to yonder sky;
Soon as they reach the verge of heaven,
Lost in that blaze of bliss, they die!
But long as love, Almighty love,
Shall on his throne of thrones abide,
Thou shalt, oh Charity! dwell above,
Smiling for ever by his side!

Behold the sun.

Air-Lord Mornington.

Behold the sun, how bright
From yonder east he springs,
As if the soul of light and life
Were breathing from his wings.

So bright the gospel broke

Upon the souls of men;
So fresh the dreaming world awoke
In truth's full radiance then!

Before yon sun arose,
Stars cluster'd through the sky—
But oh, how dim, how pale were those,
To his one burning eye!

So, truth lent many a ray

To bless the pagan's night—

But, Lord, how cold, how weak were they,

To thy one glorious light!

Lord, who shall bear that day.

Air-Dr. Boyce.

Lord, who shall bear that day, so dread, so splendid,
When we shall see thy angel, hov'ring o'er
This sinful world, with hand to heaven extended,
And hear him swear by Thee that time's no more.
When earth shall feel thy fast consuming ray—
Who, mighty God! oh, who shall bear that day?

When through the world thy awful call hathgounded—
"Wake, oh ye dead! to judgment wake, ye dead!"
And from the clouds, by seraph eyes surrounded,
The Saviour shall put forth his radiant head;
While earth and heaven before him pass away—
Who, mighty God! oh, who shall bear that day?

When, with a glance, th' Eternal Judge shall sever Earth's evil spirits from the pure and bright, And say to those, "Depart from me for ever!"

To these, "Come, dwell with me in endless light! When each and all in silence take their way—Who, mighty God! oh, who shall bear that day?

Oh! teach me to love Thee.

Air-Haydn.

Oh! teach me to love Thee, to feel what thou art, Till, fill'd with the one sacred image, my heart
Shall all other passions disown—
Like some pure temple, that shines apart,
Reserv'd for Thy worship alone!

In joy and in sorrow, thro' praise and thro' blame,
Oh still let me, living and dying the same,
In Thy service bloom and decay—
Like some lone altar, whose votive flame
In holiness wasteth away!

Though born in this desert, and doom'd by my birth
To pain and affliction, to darkness and dearth,
On Thee let my spirit rely—
Like some rude dial, that, fix'd on earth,
Still looks for its light from the sky!

Weep, children of Israel.

Air-Stevenson.

Weep, weep for him, the man of God— In yonder vale he sunk to rest; But none of earth can point the sod That flowers above his sacred breast. Weep, children of Israel, weep!

His doctrines fell like heaven's rain,
His words refresh'd like heaven's dew—
Oh, ne'er shall Israel see again
A chief to God and her so true.
Weep, children of Israel, weep!

Yet died he not as men who sink,

Before our eyes, to soulless clay;
But, chang'd to spirit, like a wink

Of summer lightning, pass'd away!

Weep, children of Israel, weep!

Like morning, when her early breeze.

Air-Beethoven.

Like morning, when her early breaze Breaks up the surface of the seas, That, in their furrows, dark as night, Her hand may sow the seeds of light.—

Thy Grace can send its breathings o'er The spirit, dark and lost before, And, fresh'ning all its depths, prepare For Truth divine to enter there!

Till David touch'd his sacred lyre, In silence lay th' unbreathing wire— But when he swept its chords along, E'en angels stoop'd to hear that song.

So sleeps the soul, till Thou, oh Lord, Shalt deign to touch its lifeless chord— Till, wak'd by Thee, its breath shall rise In music worthy of the skies!

Come, ye disconsolate.

Air-German.

Come, ye disconsolate, where'er you languish,
Come, at the shrine of God fervently kneel;
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your ev'ry
wish,

Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal.

Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,

Hope, when all others die, fadeless and pure,

Here speaks the comforter, in God's name saying—

"Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot cure,"

Go, ask the infidel, what boon he brings us,
What charm for aching hearts he can reveal
Sweet as that heavenly promise Hope sings us—
"Earth has no sorrow that God cannot heal."

Awake, arise! thy Light is come!

Air-Stevenson.

Awake, arise! thy Light is come!

The nations, that before outshone thee,
Now at thy feet lie dark and dumb—
The glory of the Lord is on thee!

Arise!—the Gentiles, to thy ray,
From ev'ry nook of earth shall cluster;
And kings and princes haste to pay
Their homage to thy rising lustre.

Lift up thine eyes around, and see,
O'er foreign fields, o'er farthest waters,
Thy exil'd sons return'd to thee,
To thee return thy home-sick daughters:

And camels rich, from Midian's tents, Shall lay their treasures down before thee; And Saba bring her gold and scents, To fill thy air and sparkle o'er thee.

See—who are these, that, like a cloud,
Are gath'ring from all earth's dominions,
Like doves long absent, when allow'd
Homeward to shoot their trembling pinions?

Surely the isles shall wait for me—
The ships of Tarshish round will hover,
To bring thy sons across the sea,
And waft their gold and silver over:

And Lebanon thy pomp shall grace—
The fir, the pine, the palm victorious,
Shall beautify our holy place,
And make the ground I tread on, glorious.

No more shall discord haunt thy ways, Nor ruin waste thy cheerless nation; But thou shalt call thy portals praise, And thou shalt name thy walls salvation.

The sun no more shall make thee bright,
Nor moon shall lend her lustre to thee—
But God himself shall be thy light,
And flash eternal glory through thee.

Thy sun shall never more go down;
A ray from Heaven itself descended,
Shall light thy everlasting crown—
Thy days of mourning all are ended.

My own elect and righteous land!

The branch, for ever green and vernal,
Which I have planted with this hand,
Live thou shalt, in life eternal!

There is a bleak descrt.

Air-Crescenam.

There is a bleak desert, where daylight grows weary
Of wasting its smile on a region so dreary—
What may that desert be?
'Tis life, cheerless life, where the few joys that come
Are lost, like that daylight, for 'tis not their home.

There is a lone pilgrim, before whose faint eyes
The water he pants for but sparkles and flies—
Who may that pilgrim be?
'Tis man, hapless man, thro' this life tempted on
By fair shining hopes, that in shining are gone.

There is a bright fountain thro' that desert stealing,
To pure lips alone its refreshment revealing—
What may that fountain be?
'Tis truth, holy truth, that, like springs under ground,
By the gifted of Heaven alone can be found.

There is a fair spirit, whose wand hath the spell
To point where those waters in secrecy dwell—
Who may that spirit be?
'Tis faith, humble faith, who hath learn'd that where'er
Her wand stoops to worship, the truth must appear.

Since first thy word.

Air-Nicholas Freeman.

Since first thy word awak'd my heart,
Like new life dawning o'er me,
Where'er I turn mine eyes, thou art
All light and love before me!—
Nought else I feel, or hear, or see,
All bonds of earth I sever;
Thee, oh God! and only Thee,
I live for, now and ever.

Like him, whose fetters dropp'd away
When light shone o'er his prison,
My spirit, touch'd by mercy's ray,
Hath from her chains arisen.
And shall a soul Thou bidd'st be free,
Return to bondage? Never!
Thee, oh God! and only Thee,
I live for, now and ever.

Hark! 'tis the breeze.

Air-Rousseau.

Hark! 'tis the breeze of twilight, calling Earth's weary children to repose; While, round the couch of Nature falling, Gently the night's soft curtains close. Soon o'er a world, in sleep reclining, Numberless stars, thro' yonder dark, Shall look, like eyes of cherubs shining From out the vails that hid the Ark.

Guard us, oh Thou, who never sleepest!

Thou who, in silence thron'd above,

Throughout all time, unwearied keepest

Thy watch of Glory, Power, and Love!

Grant that, beneath thy eye, securely
Our souls, awhile from life withdrawn,
May, in their darkness, stilly, purely,
Like "sealed fountains," rest till dawn!

Where is your dwelling, ye sainted?

Air-Hasse.

Where is your dwelling, ye sainted?
Through what Elysium, more bright
Than fancy or hope ever painted,
Walk ye in glory and light?
Who the same kingdom inherits?
Breathes there a soul that may dare
Look to that world of spirits,
Or hope to dwell with you there?

Sages, who, e'en in exploring
Nature through all her bright ways,
Went, like the seraphs, adoring,
And veil'd your eyes in the blaze:
Martyrs, who left for our reaping
Truths you had sown in your blood;
Sinners, whom long years of weeping
Chasten'd from evil to good:

Maidens, who, like the young crescent,
Turning away your pale brows
From earth, and the light of the present,
Look'd to your Heavenly Spouse:
Say, through what region enchanted
Walk ye, in heaven's sweet air?
Or, oh! to whom is it granted,
Bright souls, to dwell with you there?

How lightly mounts the Muse's wing.

Air-Anonymous.

How lightly mounts the Muse's wing, Whose theme is in the skies— Like morning larks, that sweeter sing, The nearer heav'n they rise!

Though Love his wreathed lyre may tune,
Yet ah! the flow'rs he round it wreathes
Were pluck'd beneath pale Passion's moon,
Whose madness from their odour breathes.
How purer far the sacred lute,
Round which devotion ties
Sweet flow'rs that turn to heavenly fruit,
And palm, that never dies.

Though War's high-sounding harp may be
Most welcome to the hero's ears,
Alas, his chords of victory
Are bath'd all o'er with tears.
How far more sweet their numbers run,
Who hymn, like saints above,
No victor but th' Eternal One,
No trophies but of love:

Go forth to the mount.

Air-Stevenson.

Go forth to the mount—bring the olive-branch home, And rejoice, for the day of our freedom is come!

From that time, when the moon upon Ajalon's vale
Looking motionless down, saw the kings of the earth
In the presence of God's mighty champion grow pale—
Oh never had Judah an hour of such mirth!
Go forth to the mount, bring the olive-branch home,
And rejoice, for the day of our freedom is come!

Bring myrtle and palm—bring the boughs of each tree.

That is worthy to wave o'er the tents of the free.

From that day when the footsteps of Israel shone
With a light not their own through the Jordan's
_deep tide,

Whose waters shrunk back as the ark glided on—
Oh never had Judah an hour of such pride!
Go forth to the mount—bring the olive-branch home,
And rejoice, for the day of our freedom is come!

Is it not sweet to think hereafter?

Air--Haydn.

Is it not sweet to think hereafter?

When the spirit leaves this sphere,
Love, with deathless wing, shall waft her
To those she long hath mourn'd for here,
Hearts, from which 'twas death to sever,
Eyes, this world can ne'er restore,
There, as warm, as bright as ever,
Shall meet us and be lost no more.

When wearily we wander, asking
Of earth and heav'n, where are they
Beneath whose smile we once lay basking,
Blest, and thinking bliss would stay!
Hope still lifts her radiant finger
Pointing to th' eternal home,
Upon whose portal yet they linger,
Looking back for us to come.

Alas, alas, doth hope deceive us?

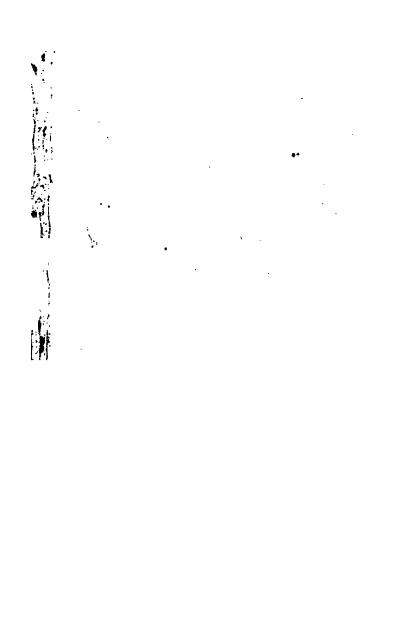
Shall friendship—love—shall all those ties,
That bind a moment, and then leave us,
Be found again where nothing dies?
Oh! if no other boon were given,
To keep our hearts from wrong and stain,
Who would not try to win a heaven
Where all we love shall live again?

War against Babylon.

Air-Novello.

"War against Babylon!" shout we around,
Be our banners through earth unfurl'd;
Rise up, ye nations, ye kings, at the sound—
"War against Babylon!" shout through the world!
Oh thou, that dwellest on many waters,
Thy day of pride is ended now;
And the dark curse of Israel's daughters
Breaks, like sthunder-cloud, over thy brow!
War, war, war against Babylon!

Make bright the arrows, and gather the shields,
Set the standard of God on high—
Swarm we, like locusts, o'er all her fields,
"Zion" our watchword, and "vengeance" our cry!
Woe! woe! the time of thy visitation
Is come, proud land, thy doom is cast—
And the bleak wave of desolation
Sweeps o'er thy guilty head, at last!
War, war, war against Babylon!



NATIONAL AIRS.

A temple to Friendship.82

Spanish Air.

- "A temple to Friendship," said Laura, enchanted,
 "I'll build in this garden, the thought is divine!"
 Her temple was built—and she now only wanted
 An image of Friendship to place on the shrine.
 She flew to a sculptor, who set down before her
 A Friendship, the fairest his heart could invent,
 But so cold and so dull, that the youthful adorer
 Saw plainly this was not the idol she meant.
- "Oh! never," she cried, "could I think of enshrining
 "An image whose looks are so joyless and dim;
- "But you, little god, upon roses reclining,
 - "We'll make, if you please, sir, a Friendship of him."
- So the bargain was struck; with the little god laden She joyfully flew to her shrine in the grove—
- "Farewell," said the sculptor, "you're not the first
 - "Who came but for friendship, and took away love."

Flow on, thou shining river.

Portuguese Air.

Flow on, thou shining river,
But, ere thou reach the sea,
Seek Ella's bow'r, and give her
The wreaths I fling o'er thee.
And tell her thus, if she'll be mine,
The current of our lives shall be,
With joys along their course to shine,
Like those sweet flow'rs on thee.

But if, in wand'ring thither,

Thou find'st she mocks my pray'r,

Then leave those wreaths to wither

Upon the cold bank there.

And tell her thus, when youth is o'er,

Her lone and loveless charms shall be

Thrown by upon life's weedy shore,

Like those sweet flow'rs from thee.

All that's bright must fade.

Indian Air.

All that's bright must fade,
The brightest still the fleetest,
All that's bright must fade,
But to be lost when sweetest.
Stars that shine and fall,
The flow'r that droops in springing,
These, alas! are types of all
To which our hearts are clinging.
All that's bright must fade,
The brightest still the fleetest,
All that's sweet was made
But to be lost when sweetest!

Who would seek or prize
Delights that end in aching?
Who would trust to ties
That every hour are breaking?
Better far to be
In utter darkness lying,
Than to be blest with light and see
That light for ever flying.
All that's bright must fade,
The brightest still the fleetest,
All that's sweet was made
But to be lost when sweetest!

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So warmly we met.

Hungarian Air.

So warmly we met, and so fondly we parted!

That which was the sweeter e'en I could not tell,
That first look of welcome her sunny eyes darted,
Or that tear of passion which bless'd our farewell,
To meet was a heav'n, and to part thus another,
Our joy and our sorrow seem'd rivals in bliss;
Oh! Cupid's two eyes are not liker each other
In smiles and in tears, than that moment to this.

The first was like day-break—new, sudden, delicious,
The dawn of a pleasure scarce kindled up yet—
The last was that farewell of daylight, more precious,
More glowing and deep, as 'tis nearer its set.
Our meeting, though happy, was ting'd by a sorrow,
To think that such happiness could not remain;
While our parting, though sad, gave a hope that tomorrow
Would bring back the blest hour of meeting again.

Those evening bells.

Air-The bells of St. Petersburgh.

Those evining bells! those evining bells! How many a tale their music tells, Of youth, and home, and that sweet time, When last I heard their soothing chime! Those joyous hours are past away; And many a heart that then was gay, Within the tomb now darkly dwells, And hears no more those ev'ning bells!

And so 'twill be, when I am gone; That tuneful peal will still ring on, While other bards shall walk these dells, And sing your praise, sweet ev'ning bells!

Should those fond hopes.

Portuguese Air.

Should those fond hopes e'er forsake thee, ²⁸
Which now so sweetly thy heart employ;
Should the cold world come to wake thee
From all thy visions of youth and joy;
Should the gay friends for whom thou wouldst banish
Him who once thought thy young heart his own,
All, like spring birds, falsely vanish,
And leave thy winter unheeded and lone:

Oh! 'tis then he thou hast slighted
Would come to cheer thee, when all seem'd o'er;
Then the truant, lost and blighted,
Would to his bosom be taken once more.
Like that dear bird we both can remember,
Who left us while summer shone round;
But, when chill'd by bleak December,
Upon our threshold a welcome still found.

Dost thou remember.

Portuguese Air.

Dost thou remember that place so lonely,
A place for lovers, and lovers only,
Where first I told thee all my secret sighs?
When, as the moonbeam, that trembled o'er thee,
Illum'd thy blushes, I knelt before thee,
And read my hope's sweet triumph in those eyes?
Then, then while closely heart was drawn to heart,
Love bound us—never, never more to part!

And when I call'd thee by names the dearest²⁹
That love could fancy, the fondest, nearest—
"My life, my only life," among the rest;
In those sweet accents that still enthrall me,
Thou said'st, "Ah! wherefore thy life thus call me?

Thy soul, thy soul's the name that I love best; For life soon passes, but how blest to be That soul, which never, never parts from thee!

Oh! come to me when daylight sets.

Venetian Air.

Oh! come to me when daylight sets;
Sweet! then come to me;
When smoothly go our gondolets
O'er the moonlight sea.
When Mirth's awake, and Love begins,
Beneath that glancing ray,
With sound of lutes and mandolins,
To steal young hearts away.
Oh! come to me when daylight sets;
Sweet! then come to me,
When smoothly go our gondolets
O'er the moolight sea.

Oh! then's the hour for those who love, Sweet! like thee and me; When all's so calm below, above, In heav'n and o'er the sea. When maidens sing sweet barcarolles, so And Echo sings again, So sweet, that all with ears and souls Should love and listen then. So come to me when daylight sets; Sweet! then come to me, When smoothly go our gondolets O'er the moonlight sea.

Oft, in the stilly night.

Scotch Air.

Oft, in the stilly night,

Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond mem'ry brings the light
Of other days around me;

The smiles, the tears,
Of boyhood's years,
The words of love then spoken;
The eyes that shone,
Now dimm'd and gone,
The cheerful hearts now broken.
Thus, in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad mem'ry brings the light
Of other days around me.

When I remember all
The friends, so link'd together,
I've seen around me fall,
Like leaves in wintry weather;
I feel like one
Who treads alone
Some banquet-hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled,
Whose garland's dead,
And all but he departed!
Thus, in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad mem'ry brings the light
Of other days around me.

Come, chase that starting tear away.

French Air.

Come, chase that starting tear away, Ere mine to meet it springs; To-night, at least, to-night be gay, Whate'er to-morrow brings!

Like sunset gleams, that linger late, When all is dark'ning fast, Are hours like these we snatch from fate, The brightest and the last.

Then chase that starting tear away, Ere mine to meet it springs; To-night, at least, to-night be gay, Whate'er to-morrow brings.

To gild our dark'ning life, if heav'n
But one bright hour allow,
Oh! think that one bright hour is giv'n,
In all its splendour now.

Let's live it out, then sink in night,
Like waves, that from the shore
One minute swell, are touch'd with light,
Then lost for evermore.

Then chase that starting tear away, Ere mine to meet it springs; To-night, at least, to-night be gay, Whate'er to-morrow brings!

Common Sense and Genius.

French Air.

While I touch the string,
Wreath my brows with laurel,
For the tale I sing
Has, for once, a moral!

Common Sense one night, Though not us'd to gambols, Went out by moonlight With Genius on his rambles.

While I touch the string, Wreath my brows with laurel, For the tale I sing Has, for once, a moral!

Common Sense went on, Many wise things saying; While the light that shone, Soon set Genius straying. One his eye ne'er rais'd
From the path before him;
T'other idly gaz'd
On each night-cloud o'er him.

While I touch the string,
Wreath my brows with laurel,
For the tale I sing
Has, for once, a moral!

So they came, at last,
To a shady river;
Common Sense soon pass'd,
Safe,—as he doth ever.

While the boy, whose look
Was in heaven that minute,
Never saw the brook,
But tumbled headlong in it!

While I touch the string, Wreath my brows with laurel, For the tale I sing Has, for once, a moral!

How the wise one smil'd, When safe o'er the torrent, At that youth, so wild, Dripping from the current. Sense went home to bed,— Genius, left to shiver On the bank, 'tis said, Died of that cold river!

While I touch the string,
'Wreath my brows with laurel,
For the tale I sing
Has, for once, a moral!

Gaily sounds the castanet.

Maltese Air.

Gaily sounds the castanet,

Beating time to bounding feet,

When, after daylight's golden set,

Maids and youths by moonlight meet.

Oh! then, how sweet to move
Through all that maze of mirth,
Lighted by those eyes we love,
Beyond all eyes on earth.

Then, the joyous banquet spread
On the cool and fragrant ground,
With night's bright eye-beams over head,
And still brighter sparkling round.

Oh! then, how sweet to say
Into the lov'd one's ear,
Thoughts reserv'd through many a day,
To be thus whisper'd there.

When the dance and feast are done Arm in arm as home we stray, How sweet to see the dawning sun O'er her cheek's warm blushes play!

Then, then the farewell kiss,
And words whose parting tone
Lingers still in dreams of bliss,
That haunt young hearts alone.

Hear me but once.

French Air.

Hear me but once, while o'er the grave, In which our love lies cold and dead, I count each flatt'ring hope he gave Of joys now lost, and charms now fled.

Who could have thought the smile he wore, When first we met, would fade away! Or that a chill would e'er come o'er Those eyes so bright through many a day.

Joys of youth, how fleeting.

French Air.

Whisp'ring, heard by wakeful maids,
To whom the night stars guide us,
Stolen wasts through moonlight shades,
With those we love beside us;
Hearts beating, at meeting,
Tears starting, at parting;
Oh! sweet youth, how soon it fades,
Sweet joys of youth, how fleeting.

Love and Hope.

Swiss Air.

At morn, beside yon summer sea,
Young Hope and Love reclin'd;
But scarce had noen-tide come, when he
Into his bark leap'd smilingly,
[hind!
And left poor Hope behind—and left poor Hope be-

"I go," said Love, "to sail awhile,
Across this sunny main,"—
And then so sweet his parting smile,
That Hope, who never dream'd of guile,
Believ'd he'd come again—believ'd he come again.

NATIONAL AIRS.

She linger'd there, till evening's beam
Along the waters lay;
And o'er the sands, in thoughtful dream,
Oft trac'd his name, which still the stream
As often wash'd away—as often wash'd away.

At length a sail appears in sight,
And tow'rd the maiden moves;
'Tis Wealth that comes, and gay and bright,
His golden bark reflects the light:
But, ah, it is not Love's—it is not Love's!

Another sail—'twas Friendship show'd
Her night-lamp o'er the sea!
And calm the light that lamp bestow'd,
But Love had lights that warmer glow'd,
And where, alas! was he?—and where, alas! was he?

Now fast around the sea and shore
Night threw her darkling chain;
The sunny sails were seen no more,
Hope's morning dreams of bliss were o'er—
Love never came again!—Love never came again!

Love is a hunter boy.

Languedocian Air.

Love is a hunter boy,
Who makes young hearts his prey;
And in his nets of joy
Ensnares them night and day.

In vain conceal'd they lie, Love tracks them every where: In vain aloft they fly, Love shoots them flying there.

But 'tis his joy most sweet, At early dawn to trace The print of Beauty's feet, And give the trembler chase.

And most he loves through snow To track those footsteps fair, For then the boy doth know None track'd before him there.

My harp has one unchanging theme.

Swedish Air.

My harp has one unchanging theme, One strain, that still comes o'gr Its languid chord, as 'twere a dream Of joy that's now no more.

In vain I try with livelier air
To wake the breathing string;
That voice of other times is there,
And saddens all I sing.

Breathe on, breathe on, thou languid strain,
Henceforth be all my own;
Though thou art oft so full of pain,
Few hearts can bear thy tone.

Yet oft thou'rt sweet, as if the sigh, The breath that pleasure's wings Gave out, when last they wanton'd by, Were still upon thy strings. Oh! no-not e'en when first we lov'd.

Cashmerian Air.

Oh! no—not e'en when first we lov'd, Wert thou as dear as now thou art; Thy beauty then my senses mov'd, But now thy virtues bind my heart.

What was but passion's sigh before,

Has since been turn'd to reason's vow;

And though I then might love thee more,

Trust me, I love thee better—better now!

Although my heart, in earlier youth, Might kindle with more wild desire, Believe me it has gain'd in truth, Much more than it has lost in fire.

The flame now warms my inmost core,
That then but sparkled o'er my brow;
And though I seem'd to love thee more?
Yet, oh! I love thee better—better now.

Peace be around thee.

Scotch Air.

Peace be around thee; wherever thou rov'st
May life be, for thee, one summer's day;
And all that thou wishest, and all that thou lov'st,
Come smiling around thy sunny way!

If sorrow e'er this calm should break,
May e'en thy tears pass off so lightly,
Like spring showers, they'll only make
The smiles that follow shine more brightly-

May Time, who sheds his blight o'er all, And daily dooms some joy to death, O'er thee let years so gently fall, They shall not crush one flower beneath!

As half in shade, and half in sun,
This world along its path advances,
May that side the sun's upon,
Be all that e'er shall meet thy glances.

Then, fare thee well.

English Air.

Then, fare thee well, my own dear love;
This world has now for us
No greater grief, no pain above
The pain of parting thus, dear love!
The pain of parting thus!

Had we but known, since first we met, Some few short hours of bliss, We might, in numb'ring them, forget The deep, deep pain of this, dear love! The deep, deep pain of this.

But no, alas, we've never seen
One glimpse of pleasure's ray,
But still there came some cloud between,
And chas'd it all away, dear love!
And chas'd it all away!

Yet e'en could those sad moments last, Far dearer to my heart Were hours of grief, together past, Than years of mirth apart, dear love! Than years of mirth apart.

Farewell—our hope was born in fears,
And nurs'd mid vain regrets!
Like winter suns, it rose in tears,
Like them, in tears it sets, dear love!
Like them in tears it sets.

There comes a time.

German Air.

There comes a time, a dreary time,
To him whose heart hath flown
O'er all the fields of youth's sweet prime,
And made each flow'r its own.

Tis when his soul must first renounce Those dreams so bright, so fond— Oh, then's the time to die at once, For life has nought beyond.

There comes a time, a dreary time,
To him whose heart hath flown
O'er all the fields of youth's sweet prime,
And made each flower its own.

When sets the sun on Afric's shore, That instant all is night, And so should life at once be o'er, When Love withdraws his light.

Nor, like our northern day, gleam on Through twilight's dim delay— The cold remains of lustre gone, Of fire, long pass'd away.

Oh! there comes a time, a dreary time, To him whose heart hath flown O'er all the fields of youth's sweet prime, And made each flower its own.

When Love was a child.

When Love was a child, and went idling round 'Mong flowers the whole summer's day,
One morn in the valley a bower he found,
So sweet, it allur'd him to stay.

O'er head from the trees hung a garland fair,
A fountain ran darkly beneath;
Twas pleasure that hung the bright flowers up there,
Love knew it, and jump'd at the wreath.

But Love didn't know, and at his weak years What urchin was likely to know? That sorrow had made of her own salt tears, That fountain which murmur'd below.

He caught at the wreath but with too much haste, As boys, when impatient, will do; It fell in those waters of briny taste, And the flowers were all wet through.

Yet this is the wreath he wears night and day, And though it all sunny appears With pleasure's own lustre, each leaf, they say. Still tastes of the fountain of tears.

Say, what shall be our sport to-day?

Say, what shall be our sport to-day,
There's nothing on earth, in sea, or air,
Too bright, too bold, too high, too gay,
For spirits like mine to dare!

'Tis like the returning bloom,
Of those days, alas, gone by,
When I lov'd, each hour, I scarce knew whom,
And was blest I scarce knew why.

Ay, those were days, when life had wings, And flew, oh flew, so wild a height, That like the lark that sun-ward springs, 'Twas giddy with too much light!

And, though of some plumes bereft,
With that sun, too nearly set,
I've enough of light and wing still left,
For a few gay soarings yet.

Bright be thy dreams.

Bright be thy dreams, may all thy weeping Turn into smiles, while those art sleeping!

Those, by death or seas remov'd,
Friends who in thy spring-time knew thee,
All thou'st ever priz'd or lov'd,
In dreams come smiling to thee!

There may the child whose love lay deepest,
Dearest of all, come, while thou sleepest;
Still the same, no charm forgot,
Nothing lost that life had given;
Or, if chang'd, but chang'd to what,
Thou'lt find her yet in heaven.

Go then-'tis vain.

Go then—'tis vain to hover
Thus round a hope that's dead;
At length my dream is over—
'Twas sweet—'twas false—'tis fied.

Farewell, since nought it moves thee Such truth as mine to see; Some one, who far less loves thee, Perhaps more blest will be.

Farewell, sweet eyes, whose brightness New life around me shed. Farewell, false heart, whose lightness Now leaves me death instead. Go now, those charms surrender To some new lover's sigh, One, who though far less tender, May be more blest than I.

The crystal hunters.

O'er mountains, bright with snow and light,
We crystal hunters speed along,
While grots and caves and icy waves
Each instant echo to our song.
And when we meet with store of gems,
We grudge not kings their diadems.
O'er mountains bright, &c.

No lover half so fondly dreams
Of sparkles from his lady's eyes,
As we of those refreshing gleams,
That tell where deep the crystal lies;
Though next to crystal, we, too, grant,
That ladies' eyes may most enchant.
O'er mountains bright, &c.

Sometimes, when o'er the Alpine rose, The golden sunset leaves his ray, So like a gem the flow'ret glows, We thither bend our headlong way.

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And though we find no treasure there, We bless the rose, that shines so fair. O'er mountains bright, &c.

Row gently here.

Row gently here, my gondolier, So softly wake the tide; That not an ear on earth may hear, But hers to whom we glide.

Had heav'n but tongues to speak
As well as starry eyes to see,
Oh, think what tales 'twould have to tell
Of wand'ring youths like me.

Now rest thee here, my gondolier, Hush, hush—for up I go To climb you light balcony's height, While thou keep'st watch below.

Ah! did we take for heav'n above
But half such pains as we
Take day and night for woman's love,
What angels we should be!

Oh, days of youth.

Oh, days of youth and joy long clouded,
Why thus for ever haunt my view?
When in the grave your light lay shrouded,
Why did not memory die there too?

Vainly doth hope her strain now sing me, Whispering of joys that yet remain; No, no, never more can this life bring me One joy that equals youth's sweet pain.

Dim lies the way to death before me, Cold winds of time blow round my brow; Sunshine of youth that once fell o'er me, Where is your warmth, your glory now?

Tis not that then no pain could sting me;
Tis not that now no joys remain;
Oh, it is that life no more can bring me
One joy so sweet as that worst pain.

When first that smile.

When first that smile, like sunshine blest my sight, Oh! what a vision then came o'er me, Long years of love, of calm and pure delight, Seem'd in that smile to pass before me. Ne'er did the peasant dream, ne'er dream of summer skies,

Of golden fruit, and harvests springing, With fonder hope than I of those sweet eyes, And of the joy their light was bringing.

Where now are all those fondly promis'd hours?

Oh! woman's faith is like her brightness,
Fading as fast as rainbows or day flowers,

Or ought that's known for grace and lightness!

Short as the Persian's prayer, his prayer at close of day,

Must be each vow of love's repeating; Quick let him worship beauty's precious ray, E'en while he kneels that ray is fleeting.

Peace to the slumberers.

Peace to the slumberers!
They lie on the battle plain,
With no shroud to cover them—
The dew and the summer rain
Are all that weep over them!
Vain was their bravery!
The fallen oak lies where it lay,
Across the wint'ry river—
But brave hearts, once swept away,
Are gone, alas! for ever!
Wo to the conqueror!

Our limbs shall lie as cold as theirs, Of whom his sword bereft us, Ere we forget the deep arrears Of vengeance they have left us!

When thou shalt wander.

When thou shalt wander by that sweet light
We us'd to gaze on so many an eve,
When love was new and hope was bright,
Ere I could doubt, or thou deceive—
Oh, then remembring how swift went by
Those hours of transport, e'en thou mayst sigh!

Yes, proud one! even thy heart may own
That love, like ours, was far too sweet
To be, like summer garments, thrown
Aside, when past the summer's heat;
And wish, in vain, to know again
Such days, such nights, as blest thee then!

Who'll buy my love-knots.

Hymen, late, his Love-knots selling, Call'd at many a maiden's dwelling, None could doubt, who saw or knew them— Hymen's call was welcome to them. "Who'll buy my Love-knots?"
Soon as that sweet cry resounded,
How his baskets were surrounded!

Maids, who now first dreamt of trying These gay knots of Hymen's tying— Dames, who long had sat to watch him Passing by, but ne'er could catch him.

"Who'll buy my Love-knots?
"Who'll buy my Love-knots?"
All at that sweet cry assembled,
Some laugh'd, some blush'd, and some trembled.

- "Here are knots," said Hymen, taking Some loose flowers of Love's own making; "Here are gold ones—you may trust 'em;"— (These, of course, found ready custom.)
 - "Come, buy my Love-knots,
 "Come, buy my Love-knots:
 "Some are labell'd, 'Knots to tie-men
 "Love the maker-bought of Hymen.'

Scarce their bargains were completed, When the nymphs; all cried, "We're cheated! "See these flowers! they're drooping sadly;— "This gold knot, too, ties but badly:—

- "Who'd buy such Love-knots?
- "Who'd buy such Love-knots?
- "E'en this tie, with Love's name round it,
- "All a sham—he never bound it!"

Love, who saw the whole proceeding, Would have laugh'd, but for good-breeding; While old Hymen, who was us'd to Cries like that these dantes gave loose to,—

"Take back our Love-knots!
"Take back our Love-knots!"
Coolly said,—"There's no returning
"Ware's on Hymen's hands—Good morning!"

Nets and cages.

Come, listen to my story,
While your needle's task you ply;
At what I sing, some maids will smile,
While some, perhaps, may sigh.

Though Love's the theme, and Wisdom Blames such florid songs as ours, Yet Truth, sometimes, like Eastern dames, Can speak her thoughts by flowers.

Then listen, maids, come listen,
While your needle's task you ply;
At what I sing, there's some may smile,
While some, perhaps, will sigh.

Young Chloe, bent on catching loves, Such nets had learn'd to frame, That none in all our vales and groves E'er caught so much small game. ير

While gentle Sue, less given to roam, When Chloe's nets were taking These flights of birds, sat still at home, One small, neat Love-cage making.

Come listen, maids, come listen,
While your needle's task you ply;
At what I sing, there's some may smile,
While some, perhaps, will sigh.

Much Chloe laugh'd at Susan's task;
But mark how things went on—
These light-caught loves, ere you could ask
Their name and age—were gone!

So weak poor Chloe's nets were wove, That though she charm'd into them New game each hour, the youngest love Was able to break through them.

Come listen, maids, come listen,
While your needle's task you ply;
At what I sing, there's some may smile,
While some, perhaps, will sigh.

Meanwhile young Sue, whose cage was wrought Of bars too strong to sever, One love with golden pinions caught, And cag'd him there for ever:

Instructing thereby all coquets,
Whate'er their looks or ages,
That though 'tis pleasant weaving nets,
'Tis wiser to make cages.

Thus, maidens, thus do I beguile
The task your fingers ply:
May all who hear, like Susan smile—
Ah! not like Chloe—sigh.

When through the piazetta.

When through the piazetta
Night breathes her cool air,
Then, dearest Ninetta,
I'll come to thee there.

Beneath thy mask shrouded
I'll know thee afar,
As love knows, though clouded,
His own evening star.

In garb then resembling
Some gay gondolier,
I'll whisper thee, trembling,
"Our bark, love, is near!"

Now, now, while there hover Those clouds o'er the moon, 'Twill waft thee safe over Yon silent lagoon.

Go now, and dream.

Go now, and dream o'er that joy in thy slumber, Moments so sweet again ne'er shalt thou number; Of pain's bitter draught the flavour ne'er flies, While pleasure's scarce touches the lip ere it dies!

That moon, which hung o'er your parting so splendid, Often will shine again, bright as she then did; But, ah! never more will the beam she saw burn In those happy eyes at your meeting, return!

Take hence the bowl.

Take hence the bowl! though beaming Brightly as bowl e'er shone; Oh! it but sets me dreaming Of days, of nights now gone!

There, in its clear reflection, As in a wizard's glass, Lost hopes and dead affection Like shades before me pass.

Each cup I drain, brings hither Some friend who once sat by— Bright lips, too bright to wither, Warm hearts, too warm to die:

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Till, as the dream comes o'er me Of those long vanish'd years, Then—then the cup before me Seems turning all to tears!

Farewell, Theresa.

Farewell, Theresa, that cloud which over
You moon, this moment, we gath'ring see,
Shall scarce from her pure orb have pass'd, ere thy
lover

Swift o'er the wild wave shall wander from thee.

Long like that dim cloud I've hung around thee,
Dark'ning thy prospects, sadd'ning thy brow;
With gay heart, Theresa, and bright cheek I found
thee,

Oh, think how chang'd, love, how chang'd art thou now.

But here I free thee; like one awaking
From fearful slumber, this dream thou'lt tell.
'Tis over—the bright moon her spell is breaking,
Past are the dark clouds, Theresa, oh farewell!

How oft when watching stars.

How oft, when watching stars grow pale,
And round me sleeps the moonlight scene,
To hear a flute through yonder vale,
I from my casement lean.

"Oh! come my love!" each note it utters seems to say,
"Oh! come my love! the night wears fast away."
No, ne'er to mortal ear can words, tho' warm they be,
Speak passion's language half so clear as do those
notes to me!

Then quick my own light lute I seek,
And strike the chords with loudest swell;
And though they nought to others speak,
He knows their language well.

"I come, my love!" each sound they utter seems to say,
"I come, my love! thine, thine till break of day."
Oh! weak the power of words, the hues of painting dim,
Compar'd to what those simple chords then say and
paint to him.

When the first bee of summer.

When the first summer bee O'er the young rose shall hover, Then, like that gay rover, I'll come to thee. He to flowers, I to lips, full of sweets to the brim, What a meeting, what a meeting for me and for him, When the first summer bee, etc.

Then to every bright tree
In the garden he'll wander,
While I, oh! much fonder,
Will stay with thee.
In search of new sweetness, thro' thousands he'll run,
While I find the sweetness of thousands in one.
Then to every bright tree, etc.

Though 'tis all but a dream.

Though 'tis all but a dream at the best, And still when happiest soonest o'er, Yet e'en in a dream to be blest, Is so sweet, that I ask for no more.

The bosom that opes with earliest hopes
The soonest finds those hopes untrue,
As flowers that first in spring-time burst,
The earliest wither too!

Ay, 'tis all but a dream at the best,
And still, when happiest, soonest o'er;
Yet e'en in a dream to be blest,
Is so sweet, that I ask for no more.
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By friendship we oft are deceived,

And find the love we clung to past—
Yet friendship will still be believed,
And love trusted on to the last.

The web in the leaves the spider weaves,
Is like the charm hope hangs o'er men,
Though often she sees it broke by the breeze,
She spins the bright tissue again.
Ay, 'tis all but a dream, etc.

'Tis when the cup is smiling.

'Tis when the cup is smiling before us,

And we pledge round to hearts that are true, boy,
true,

That the sky of this life opens o'er us, And heaven gives a glimpse of the blue.

Talk of Adam in Eden reclining,
We are better, far better off thus, boy, thus—
For him but two bright eyes were shining,
See what numbers are sparkling for us!

When on one side the grape juice is dancing,
And on t'other a blue eye beams, boy, beams,
'Tis enough, 'twixt the wine and the glancing,
To disturb e'en a saint from his dreams.

Though this life like a river is flowing,
I care not how fast it goes on, boy, on,
While the grape on its bank still is growing,
And such eyes light the waves as they run.

Where shall we bury our shame.

Where shall we bury our shame?
Where, in what desolate place,
Hide the last wreck of a name,
Broken and stain'd by disgrace!

Death may dissever the chain,
Oppression will cease when we're gone;
But the dishonour, the stain,
Die as we may, will live on!

Was it for this we sent out
Liberty's cry from our shore?
Was it for this that her shout
Thrill'd to the world's very core?

Thus to live cowards and slaves, Oh! ye free hearts that lie dead, Do you not, e'en in your graves, Shudder, as o'er you we tread?

Ne'er talk of Wisdom's gloomy schools.

Ne'er talk of Wisdom's gloomy schools, Give me the sage, who's able To draw his moral thoughts and rules From the sunshine of the table.

Who learns how lightly, fleetly pass
This world and all that's in it;
From the bumper, that but crowns his glass,
And is gone again next minute.

The diamond sleeps within the mine,
The pearl beneath the water,
While truth, more precious, dwells in wine,
The grape's own rosy daughter.

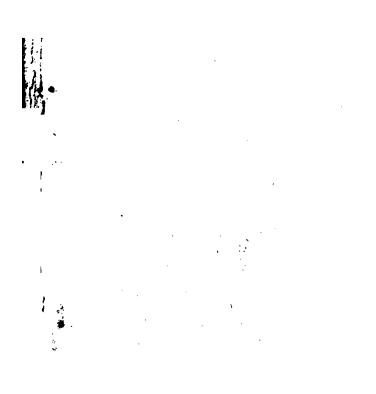
And none can prize her charms like him, Oh! none like him obtain ber; Who thus can, like Leander, swim Through sparkling floods to gain her.

Here sleeps the bard.

Here sleeps the bard, who knew so well All the sweet windings of Apollo's shell; Whether its music roll'd like torrents near, Or died like distant streamlets on the ear.

NATIONAL AIRS.

Sleep, sleep, alike unheeded now The storm and zephyr sweep thy lifeless brow, That storm, whose rush is like thy martial lay, That breeze, which like thy love song dies away.



BALLADS, SONGS, &c.

Black and blue eyes.

The brilliant black eye
May in triumph let fly
All its darts, without caring who feels 'em;
But the soft eye of blue,
Though it scatter wounds too,
Is much better pleas'd when it heals 'em.
Dear Fanny! dear Fanny!
The soft eye of blue,
Though it scatter wounds too,
Is much better pleas'd when it heals 'em, dear Fanny!

The black eye may say,

"Come and worship my ray,

"By adoring perhaps you may move me!"

But the blue eye, half hid,

Says from under its lid,

"I love, and I'm yours, if you love me!"

Dear Fanny! dear Fanny!

The blue eye, half hid,

Says, from under its lid,

"I love, and am yours, if you love me!" dear Fanny.

Then tell me, oh! why,
In that lovely eye,
Not a charm of its tint I discover;
Or why should you wear
The only blue pair
That ever said "No" to a lover?
Dear Fanny! dear Fanny!
Oh! why should you wear
The only blue pair
That ever said "No" to a lover, dear Fanny?

Cease, oh! cease to tempt.

Cease, oh cease to tempt
My tender heart to love;
It never, never can
So wild a flame approve.
All its joys and pains
To others I resign;
But be the vacant heart,
The careless bosom mine.
Then cease, oh cease to tempt
My tender heart to love;
It never, never can
So wild a flame approve.

Say, oh! say no more,
That lovers' pains are sweet:
I never, never can
Believe the fond deceit.

Weeping day and night,
Consuming life in sighs—
This is the lover's lot,
And this I ne'er could prize.
Then say, oh! say no more
That lovers' pains are sweet;
I never, never can
Believe the fond deceit.

Dear , Fanny.

She has beauty, but still you must keep your heart cool;

She has wit, but you must not be caught so;
Thus Reason advises, but Reason's a fool,
And 'tis not the first time I have thought so,
Dear Fanny.

"She is lovely!" then love her, nor let the bliss fly,
"Tis the charm of youth's vanishing season;
Thus Love has advis'd me, and who will deny,
That Love reasons much better than Reason,
Dear Fanny?

Did not.

'Twas a new feeling—something more
Than we had dar'd to own before,
Which then we hid not, which then we hid not.
We saw it in each other's eye,
And wish'd, in every murmur'd sigh,
To speak, but did not; to speak, but did not.

She felt my lips' impassion'd touch;
'Twas the first time I dar'd so much,
And yet she chid not; and yet she chid not;
But whisper'd o'er my burning brow,
Oh! do you doubt I love you now?
Sweet soul! I did not; sweet soul! I did not.

Warmly I felt her bosom thrill,
I prest it closer, closer still,
Though gently bid not; though gently bid not;
Till, oh! the world hath seldom heard
Of lovers who so nearly errid,
And yet who did not; and yet who did not.

Fanny, dearest!

Oh! had I leisure to sigh and mourn, Fanny, dearest! for thee I'd sigh; And ev'ry smile on my cheek should turn To tears when thou art nigh. But between love, and wine, and sleep,
So busy a life I'd live,
That even the time it would take to weep
Is more than my heart can give.
Then bid me not to despair and pine,
Fanny, dearest of all the dears!
The love that's order'd to bathe in wine,
Would be sure to take cold in tears.

Reflected bright in this heart of mine,
Fanny, dearest! thy image lies;
But, oh! the mirror would cease to shine,
If dimm'd too often with sighs.
They lose the half of beauty's light,
Who view it through sorrow's tear;
And 'tis but to see thee truly bright,
That I keep my eyebeam clear.
Then wait no longer till tears shall flow—
Fanny, dearest! the hope is vain;
If sunshine cannot dissolve the snow,
I shall never attempt it with rain.

Fanny was in the grove.

Fanny was in the grove,
And Lubin, her boy, was nigh;
Her eye was warm with love,
And her soul was warm as her eye.
Oh! oh! if Lubin now would sue,
Oh! oh! what could Fanny do?



Fanny was made for bliss,
But she was young and shy;
And when he had stolen a kiss,
She blush'd, and said with a sigh;
Oh! oh! Lubin, ah! tell me true,
Oh! oh! what are you going to do?

They wander'd beneath the shade,
Her eye was dimm'd with a tear,
For, ah! the poor little maid
Was thrilling with love and fear.
Oh! oh! if Lubin would but sue,
Oh! oh! what could Fanny do?

Sweetly along the grove
The birds sang all the while;
And Fanny now said to her love,
With a frown that was half a smile—
Oh! oh! why did Lubin sue?
Oh! oh! why did Lubin sue?

Viver en cadenas.

From life without freedom, oh who would not fly?
For one day of freedom, oh who would not die?
Hark! 'tis the trumpet! the call of the brave,
The death-song of tyrants, and dirge of the slave.
Our country lies bleeding—oh! fly to her aid;
One arm that defends is worth hosts that invade.
From life without freedom, oh who would not fly?
For one day of freedom, oh who would not die?

In death's kindly bosom our last hope remains; The dead fear no tyrants, the grave has no chains: On, on to the combat !-- the heroes, that bleed For virtue and mankind, are heroes indeed. And oh! e'en if freedom from this world be driven, Despair not, at least we shall find her in heaven. In death's kindly bosom our last hope remains; The dead fear no tyrants, the grave has no chains.

Here's the bower.

Here's the bower she lov'd so much, And here's the tree she planted: Here's the harp she us'd to touch-Oh! how that touch enchanted! Roses now unheeded sigh: Where's the hand to wreath them? Songs around neglected lie; Where's the lip to breathe them? Here's the bower she lov'd so much. And here's the tree she planted; Here's the harp she us'd to touch-Oh! how that touch enchanted! Spring may bloom, but she we lov'd Ne'er shall feel its sweetness! Time, that once so fleeting mov'd, Now hath lost its fleetness.

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Years were days, when here she stray'd,
Days were moments near her;
Heav'n ne'er form'd a brighter maid,
Nor Pity wept a dearer!
Here's the bower, &c.

Holy be the Pilgrim's sleep.

Holy be the Pilgrim's sleep. From the dreams of terror free: And may all, who wake to weep, Rest to-night as sweet as he! Hark! hark! did I hear a vesper swell? No, no-it is my loved Pilgrim's pray'r. No, no-'twas but the convent bell, That tolls upon the midnight air. Holy be the Pilgrim's sleep! Now, now again the voice I hear: Some holy man is wand'ring near. O Pilgrim! where hast thou been roaming? Dark is the way, and midnight's coming. Stranger, I've been o'er moor and mountain, To tell my beads at Agnes' fountain. And, Pilgrim, say, where art thou going? Dark is the way, the winds are blowing. Weary with wand'ring, weak, I falter, To breathe my vows at Agnes' altar. Strew, then, oh! strew his bed of rushes; Here he shall rest till morning blushes.

Peace to them whose days are done,

Death their eyelids closing;

Hark! the burial rite's begun,

'Tis time for our reposing.

Here, then, my Pilgrim's course is o'er—
'Tis my master! 'tis my master!—welcome here ence more;

Come to our shed, all toil is ever; Pilgrim no more, but knight and lover.

I can no longer stifle.

I can no longer stifle,
How much I long to rifle
That little part
They call the heart,
Of you, you lovely trifle!
You can no longer doubt it,
Or on my word,
And by the Lord,
I'll try to do without it.

This pretty thing's as light, Sir,
As any paper kite, Sir;
And here and there,
And God knows where,
She takes her wheeling flight, Sir.

Us lovers, to amuse us,
Unto her tail she nooses;
There, hung like bobs
Of straw, or nobs,
She whisks us where she chooses.

I saw the moon rise clear.

I saw the moon rise clear
O'er hills and vales of snow,
Nor told my fleet rein-deer
The track I wish'd to go.
But quick he boundeth forth;
For well my rein-deer knew
I've but one path on earth—
The path which leads to you.

The gloom that winter cast,
How soon the heart forgets!
When summer brings, at last,
The sun that never sets.
So dawn'd my love for you,
Thus chasing every pain;
More true than summer sun,
"Twill never set again.

Joys that pass away.

Joys, that pass away like this,

Alth! are purchas'd dear,

If every beam of bliss

Is follow'd by a tear.

Fare thee well! oh, fare thee well!

Soon, too soon, thou hast broke the spell:

Oh! I ne'er can love again

The girl, whose faithless art

Could break so dear a chain,

And with it break my heart.

Once, when truth was in those eyes,
How beautiful they shone;
But now that lustre flies,
For truth, alastis gone.
Fare thee well! oh, fare thee well!
How I've lov'd my hate shall tell.
Oh! how lorn, how lost would preve
Thy wretched victim's fate,
If, when deceiv'd in love,
He could not fly to hate.

Light sounds the harp!

Light sounds the harp when the combat is over:
When heroes are resting, and joy is in bloom;
When laufels hang loose from the brow of the lover,
And Cupid makes wings of the warrior's plume.

But, when the foe returns,

Again the hero burns.

High flames the sword in his hand once more;

The clang of mingling arms

Is then the sound that charms,

And brazen notes of war, by thousand trumpets sung.

Light went the harp, when the war-god reclining,
Lay lull'd on that white arm of Beauty to rest;
When round his rich armour the myrtle hung twining,

And flights of young doyes made his helmet their nest.

But when the battle came, The hero's eye breath'd flame;

Soon from his neck the white arm was flung; While to his wak'ning ear

No other sounds were dear,

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But brazen notes of war by thousand trumpets sung!
But then came the light harp when danger was ended,
And Beauty once more lull'd the war-god to rest;

When tresses of gold with his laurels lay blended,

And flights of young doves made his helmet their nest.

Little Mary's eye.

Little Mary's eye
Is roguish, and all that, Sir;
But her little tongue
Is quite too full of chat, Sir.
Since her eye can speak
Enough to tell her blisses,
If she stir her tongue,
Why—stop her mouth with kisses!
Oh! the little girls,
Wily, warm, and winning;
When angels tempt us to it,
Who can keep from sinning?

Nanny's beaming eye
Looks as warm as any,
But her cheek was pale—
Well-a-day, poor Nanny!
Nanny in the field,
She pluck'd a little posie,
And Nanny's pallid cheek
Soon grew sleek and rosy.
Oh! the little girls, etc.

Sue, the pretty nun,
Prays with warm emotion;
Sweetly rolls her eye
In love or in devotion.

If her pious heart
Softens to relieve you,
She gently shares the fault,
With, "Oh, may God forgive you!"
Oh! the little girls, etc.

Love and the sun-dial.

Young Love found a dial once, in a dark shade, Where man ne'er had wander'd, nor sunbeam play'd; "Why thus in darkness lie?" (whisper'd young Love) "Thou, whose gay hours should in sunshine move." "I ne'er (said the dial) have seen the warm sun, "So noon-day and midnight to me, Love, are one." Then Love took the dial away from the shade, And plac'd her where heaven's beam warmly play'd. There she reclin'd beneath Love's gazing eye. While, all mark'd with sunshine, her hours flew by! Oh! how (said the dial) can any fair maid. That's born to be shone upon, rest in the shade? But night now comes on, and the sunbeam's o'er, And Love stops to gaze on the dial no more. Then cold and neglected, while bleak rain and winds Are storming around her, with sorrow she finds, That Love had but number'd a few sunny hours. And left the remainder to darkness and show'rs!

Love and Time.

'Tis said, but whether true or not
Let bards declare who've seen 'em,
That Love and Time have only got
One pair of wings between 'em.
In courtship's first delicious hour,
The boy full oft can spare 'em,
So, loitering in his lady's bower,
He lets the greybeard wear 'em.
Then is Time's hour of play,
Oh! how he flies away!

But short the moments, short as bright,
While he the wings can borrow;
If Time to-day has had his flight,
Love takes his turn to-morrow.
Ah! Time and Love! your change is then
The saddest and most trying,
When one begins to limp again,
And tother takes to flying.
Then is Love's hour to stray;
Oh! how he flies away!

But there's a nymph whose chains I feel, And bless the silken fetter, Who knows, the dear one! how to deal With Time and Love much better. So well she checks their wanderings,
So peacefully she pairs 'em,
That Love with her ne'er thinks of wings,
And Time for ever wears 'em.
This is Time's holiday;
Oh! how he flies away!

Love, my Mary, dwells with thee.

HE. Love, my Mary, dwells with thee;
On thy cheek his bed I see.

SHE. No, that cheek is pale with care;
Love can find no roses there.

'Tis not on the cheek of rose Love can find the best repose; In my heart his home thou'lt see; There he lives, and lives for thee.

HE. Love, my Mary, ne'er can roam,
While he makes that eye his home.
She. No, the eye with sorrow dim,
Ne'er can be a home for him.

Yet, 'tis not in beaming eyes Love for ever warmest lies; In my heart his home thou'lt see; There he lives, and lives for thee.

Love's bright Summer Cloud.

Pain and sorrow shall vanish before us— Youth may wither, but feeling will last; All the shadow that e'er shall fall o'er us, Love's light summer-cloud sweetly shall cast.

Oh! if to love thee more

Each hour I number o'er—

If this a passion be

Worthy of thee,

Then be happy, for thus I adore thee;

Charms may wither, but feeling shall last;

All the shadow that e'er shall fall o'er thee,

Love's light summer-cloud sweetly shall cast.

Rest, dear bosom! no sorrow shall pain thee,
Sighs of pleasure alone shalt thou steal;
Beam, bright eyelid! no weeping shall stain thee,
Tears of rapture alone shalt thou feel.

Oh! if there be a charm In love, to banish harm— If pleasure's truest spell Be to love well,

Then be happy, etc.

Love, wand'ring thro' the golden maze.

Love, wand'ring through the golden maze
Of my beloved's hair,
Trac'd ev'ry lock with fond delays,
And, doting, linger'd there.
And soon he found 'twere vain to fly,
His heart was close confin'd,
And ev'ry curlet was a tie,
A chain by beauty twin'd.

The Tyrolese song of liberty.

Merrily ev'ry bosom boundeth,
Merrily, oh! merrily, oh!
Where the song of Freedom soundeth,
Merrily, oh! merrily, oh!
There the warrior's arms
Shed more splendour,
There the maiden's charms
Shine more tender—
Ev'ry joy the land surroundeth,
Merrily, oh! merrily, oh!

Wearily ev'ry bosom pineth,
Wearily, oh! wearily, oh!
Where the bond of slav'ry twineth,
Wearily, oh! wearily, oh!

BALLADS, SONGS, ETC.

There the warrior's dart
Hath no fleetness,
There the maiden's heart
Hath no sweetness—
Ev'ry flow'r of life declineth,
Wearily, oh! wearily, oh!

Cheerily then from hill and valley,
Cheerily, oh! cheerily, oh!
Like your native fountains sally,
Cheerily, oh! cheerily, oh!
If a glorious death
Won by bravery,
Sweeter be than breath
Sigh'd in slavery,
Round the flag of freedom rally,
Cheerily, oh! cheerily, oh!

Now let the warrior.

Now let the warrior plume his steed
And wave his sword afar,
For the men of the East this day shall bleed,
And the sun shall blush with war.
Oh! blest who in battle dies!
God will enshrine him in the skies!

Now let the warrior plume his steed.

And wave his sword afar,

For the men of the East this day shall bleed,

And the sun shall blush with war.

Oh, lady fair!

Oh, Lady fair! where art thou roaming? The sun has sunk, the night is coming. Stranger, I go o'er moor and mountain, To tell my beads at Agnes' fountain. And who is the man with his white locks flowing? Oh, Lady fair! where is he going? A wand'ring Pilgrim, weak, I falter To tell my beads at Agnes' altar. Chill falls the rain, night winds are blowing, Dreary and dark's the way we're going. Fair Lady, rest till morning blushes-I'll strew for thee a bed of rushes. Oh, Stranger! when my beads I'm counting, I'll bless thy name at Agnes' fountain. Then, Pilgrim, turn, and rest thy sorrow; Thoul't go to Agnes' shrine to-morrow. Good Stranger, when my beads I'm telling, My saint shall bless thy leafy dwelling. Strew, then, oh! strew our bed of rushes; Here we must rest till morning blushes.

The Castilian maid.

Oh! remember the time, in La Mancha's shades,
When our moments so blissfully flew;
When you call'd me the flower of Castilian maids,
And I blush'd to be call'd so by you.
When I taught you to warble the gay seguadille,
And to dance to the light castanet;
Oh! never, dear youth, let you roam where you will,
The delight of those moments forget.

They tell me, you lovers from Erin's green isle,
Ev'ry hour a new passion can feel;
And that soon, in the light of some lovelier smile,
You'll forget the poor maid of Castile.
But they know not how brave in the battle you are,
Or they never could think you would rove;
For 'tis always the spirit most gallant in war,
That is fondest and truest in love!

Oh! see those cherries.

Ob! see those cherries—though once so glowing,
They've lain too long on the sun-bright wall;
And mark! already their bloom is going;
Too soon they'll wither, too soon they'll fall.

Those worlds for which the conqu'ror sighs,
For me have now no charms;
My only world's thy radiant eyes,
My throne those circling arms!
Oh yes! so well, etc.

Oh yes! when the bloom.

Oh yes! when the bloom of young boyhood is o'er, He'll turn unto friendship that feels no decay; And though time may take from him the wings he once wore,

The charms that remain will be bright as before,

And he'll lose but his young trick of flying away.

Then let it console thee, if Love should not stay,
That Friendship our last happy moments will crown;
Like the shadows of morning, love lessens away,
While friendship, like those at the closing of day,
Will linger and lengthen as life's sun goes down.

One dear smile.

Couldst thou look as dear as when
First I sigh'd for thee;
Couldst thou make me feel again
Ev'ry wish I breath'd thee then,
Oh! how blissful life would be!

Hopes, that now beguiling leave me,
Joys, that lie in slumber cold—
All would wake, couldst thou but give me
One dear smile, like those of old.

Oh! there's nothing left to us now,
But to mourn the past;
Vain was ev'ry ardent vow,
Never yet did Heav'n allow
Love so warm, so wild to last.
Not e'en hope could now deceive me—
Life itself looks dark and cold:
Oh! thou never more canst give me
One dear smile, like those of old.

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Poh, Dermot! go 'long with your goster.

Poh, Dermot! go along with your goster,
You might as well pray at a jig,
Or teach an old cow pater noster,
Or whistle Moll Row to a pig!
Arrah, child! do you think I'm a blockhéad,
Or not the right son of my mother,
To put nothing at all in one pocket,
And not half so much in the other?
Poh, Dermot! etc.

Any thing else I can do for you, Keadh mille faltha, and welcome, Put up an ave or two for you, Fear'd that you'd ever to hell come. If you confess you're a rogue,

I will turn a deaf ear, and not care for't;

Bid you put pease in your brogue,

And just tip you a hint to go barefoot,

Then get along with, etc.

If you've the whiskey in play.

To oblige you, I'll come take a smack of it;
Stay with you all night and day,
Ay, and twenty four hours to the back of it
Oh! whiskey's a papist, God save it!
The beads are upon it completely;
But I think, before ever we'd leavesit,
We'd make it a heretic neatly.
Then get along with, etc.

If you're afear'd of a Banshee,
Oh Leprochauns are not too civil, dear,
Let Father Luke show his paunch, he
Will frighten them all to the devil, dear.
It's I can hunt them like ferrets,
And lay them without any fear, gra;
But for whiskey, and that sort of spirits,
Why, them—I would rather lay here, gra.⁹¹
Then get along with, &c.

Send the bowl round merging

Send the bowl round merrily,

Laughing, singing, drinking;

Toast it, toast it cheerily—

Here's to the devil with thinking!

Oh! for the round of pleasure,

With sweetly-smiling lasses,

Glasses o'erflowing their measure,

With hearts as full as our glasses.

Send the bowl round merrily,

Laughing, singing, drinking;

Toast it, toast it cheerily—

Here's to the devil with thinking!

Once I met with a funny lass,
Oh! I lov'd her dearly!
Left for her my bonny glass—
Faith! I died for her—nearly.
But she prov'd damn'd uncivil,
And thought to peck like a hen, Sir;
So I pitch'd the jade to the devil,
And took to my glass again, Sir.
Then send the bowl, etc.

Now I'm turn'd a rover,
In love with ev'ry petticoat;
No matter whom it may cover,
Or whether it's Jenny's or Betty's coat;

And if the girls can put up
With any good thing in pieces,
Mitteart I'll certainly cut up,
All hare it will all young Misses.
Then send the bowl, etc.

A bumper round to the pretty ones!

Here's to the girl with the blue eyes!

Here's to her with the jetty ones,

Where the languishing dew lies!

Could all such hours as this is,

Be summ'd in one little measure,

I'd live a short life of blisses,

And die in a surfeit of pleasure!

Then send the bowl, etc.

The day of love.

The beam of morning trembling
Stole o'er the mountain brook,
With timid ray resembling
Affection's early look.
Thus love begins; sweet morn of love!

The noon-tide ray ascended,
And o'er the valley stream
Diffus'd a glow as splendid
As passion's riper dream.
Thus love expands; warm noon of love!

But evening came, o'ershading
The glories of the sky,
Like faith and fondness fading
From passion's alter'd eye.
Thus love declines; cold eve of love!

The probability.

My heart is united to Chloe's for ever, No time shall the link of their tenderness sever, And, if Love be the parent of joy and of pleasure, Chloe and I shall be blest beyond measure.

Come, tell me, my girl, what's the sweetest of blisses? "I'llshow you," she cries, and she gives me sweet kisses; Ah, Clo' if that languishing eye's not a traitor, It tells me you know of a bliss that is greater.

"Indeed, and I do not," then softly she blushes, And her bosom the warm tint of modesty flushes; "I'm sure if I knew it, I'd certainly show it, "But Damon, dear, may be you know it."

The Song of War.

The song of war shall echo through our mountain,
Till not one hateful link remains
Of slav'ry's ling'ring chains,
Till not one tyrant tread our plains,
Nor traitor lip pollute our fountains.
No! never, till that glorious day,
Shall Lusitania's sons be gay,
Or hear, oh Peace! thy welcome lay
Resounding through her sunny mountains.

The song of war shall echo through our mountains,
Till Victory's self shall, smiling, say,
"Your cloud of foes hath pass'd away,
"And Freedom comes, with new-born ray,
"To gild your vines and light your fountains."
Oh! never till that glorious day, etc.

The tablet of love

You bid me be happy, and bid restricted.

Can happiness live when absence the space.

Will sleep on my eyelids e'er a state of the district.

When greeted no more by a tender growing had.

Oh, never! for deep is the tablet enclosived.

Thy look and thy voice will survive in revenient.

Though age may the treasures of mem'ry remove.

Unfading shall flourish the tablet of love.

Through life's winding valley, in anguish, in rest, Exalted in joy, or by sorrow deprest,
From its place in the mirror that lies on my heart,
Thine image shall never one moment depart.
When time, life, and all that poor mortals hold dear,
Like visions, like dreams, shall depart from us here,
Though rais'd among seraphs to realms above,
Unfading shall flourish the tablet of love.

The young rose.

The young rose which I give thee, so dewy and bright, Was the flow'ret most dear to the sweet bird of night; Who oft by the moon o'er her blushes hath hung, And thrill'd every leaf with the wild lay he sung.

Oh! take thou this young rose, and let her life be Prolong'd by the breath she will borrow from thee! For while o'er her bosom thy soft notes shall thrill, She'll think the sweet night-bird is courting her still,

When in languor sleeps the heart.

When in languor sleeps the heart, Love can wake it with his dart; When the mind is dull and dark, Love can light it with his spark. Come, oh! come, then, let us haste, All the bliss of love to taste; Let us love both night and day, Let us love our lives away!

When 'midst the gay I meet.

When 'midst the gay I meet
That blessed smile of thine,
Though still on me it turns most sweet,
I scarce can call it mine:
But when to me alone
Your sweet tears you show,
Oh! then I feel those tears,
And claim them as they flow.
Then still with bright looks bless
The gay, the cold, the free;
Give smiles to those who love you less,
But keep your tears for me.

The snow on Jura's steep
Can smile with many a beam,
Yet still in chains of coldness sleep,
How bright soe'er it seem.
But when some deep-felt rear
Whose touch is fire, and the smile is the state of the And, melting, turns to the

Then still with bright looks bless
The gay, the cold, the free,
Give smiles to those who love thee less,
But keep thy tears for me.

When twilight dews.

When twilight dews are falling soft
Upon the rosy sea, love,
I watch the star whose beam so oft
Has lighted me to thee, love!
And thou too, on that orb so clear,
Ah! dost thou gaze at even,
And think, though lost for ever here,
Thou'lt yet be mine in heaven!

There's not a garden walk I tread,
There's not a flower I see, love!
But brings to mind some hope that's fled,
Some joy I've lost with thee, love!
And still I wish that hour was near,
When friends and foes forgiven,
The pains, the ills we've wept through here,
May turn to smiles in heaven!

Will you come to the bower?

Will you come to the bow'r I have shaded for you?

Our bed shall be roses all spangled with dew.

Will you, will you, will you, will you

Come to the bow'r?

There, under the bow'r, on roses you'll lie,
With a blush on your cheek, but a smile in your eye.
Will you, will you, will you, will you
Smile, my belov'd?

But the roses we press shall not rival your lip,
Nor the dew be so sweet as the kisses we'll sip.
Will you, will you, will you, will you
Kiss me, my love?

And oh! for the joys that are sweeter than dew From languishing roses, or kisses from you. Will you, will you, will you, will you, Won't you, my love?

Young Jessica.

Young Jessica sat all the day
In love dreams languishingly pining,
Her needle bright neglected lay,
Like truant genius, idly shining.

Jessy, 'tis in idle hearts
That love and mischief are most nimble;
The safest shield against the darts
Of Cupid, is Minerva's thimble.

A child, who with a magnet play'd,
And knew its winning ways so wily,
The magnet near the needle laid,
And laughing said, "We'll steal it slily."

The needle, having nought to do,
Was pleas'd to let the magnet wheedle,
Till closer still the tempter drew,
And off, at length, eloped the needle.

Now, had this needle turn'd its eye
To some gay Ridicule's construction,
It ne'er had stray'd from duty's tie,
Nor felt a magnet's sly seduction.

Girls, would you keep tranquil hearts, Your snowy fingers must be nimble; The safest shield against the darts Of Cupid, is Minerva's thimble.

A lottery, a lottery.

A lottery, a lottery,
In Cupid's court there us'd to be,
Two roguish eyes
The highest prize,
In Cupid's scheming lottery;
And kisses too,
As good as new,
Which were not very hard to win,
For he, who won
The eyes of fun,
Was sure to have the kisses in.
Chorus. A lottery, etc.

This lottery, this lottery
In Cupid's court went merrily,
And Cupid play'd
A Jewish trade
In this his scheming lottery;
For hearts, I'm told,
In shares he sold,
To many a fond, believing drone,
And cut the hearts
In sixteen parts
So well, each thought the whole his own!

Chorus. A lottery, a lottery,
In Cupid's court there us'd to be,
Two roguish eyes
The highest prize,
In Cupid's scheming lottery.

Ladies and gentlemen—gentlemen and ladies—go not to Cupid's court, For, whatever the young woman may say, 'tis a place of very bad resort,

AIR.

But mine is the lottery—hasten to me;
Here's scissors and satires, as sharp as can be:—
Here's a drawing of cork, here's a cork-screw for wine,
Here are pills for the cough—and here's Gibbon's
"Decline;"
Here's a bright carving knife—here's a learned review,
Here's an essay on marriage, and here's a cuckoo.

CHORUS.

Our lottery—our lottery—
Ye youths and maidens, come to me!
'Tis ne'er too late
To try your fate
In this our lucky lottery.

A spirit there is.

A spirit there is, whose fragrant sigh
Is burning now through earth and air:
Where cheeks are blushing, the spirit is nigh;
Where lips are meeting, the spirit is there!

His breath is the soul of flowers like these,
And his floating eyes—oh! they resemble
Blue water-lilies, when the breeze⁹²
Is making the stream around them tremble.

Hail to thee, hail to thee, kindling power!
Spirit of love, spirit of bliss!
Thy boliest time is the moonlight hour,
And there never was moonlight so sweet as this.

By the fair and brave, Who blushing unite, Like the sun and wave, When they meet at night!

By the tear that shows
When passion is nigh,
As the rain-drop flows
From the heat of the sky!

By the first love-beat
Of the youthful heart,
By the bliss to meet,
And the pain to part:

BALLADS, SONGS, ETC.

By all that thou hast
To mortals given,
Which—oh! could it last,
This earth were heaven!

We call thee hither, entrancing power!

Spirit of love! spirit of bliss!

Thy holiest time is the moonlight hour,

And there never was moonlight so sweet as this.

Can I again that look recall.

Can I again that look recall,

Which once could make me die for thee?

No, no, the eye that burns on all,

Shall never more be priz'd by me.

Can I again that form caress,
Or on that lip in joy recline?
No, no—the lip that all may press,
Shall never more be press'd by mine.

Come hither, come hither.

Come hither, come hither—by night and by day,
We linger in pleasures that never are gone;
Like the waves of the summer, as one dies away,
Another as sweet and as shining comes on.
And the love that is o'er, in expiring gives birth
To a new one as warm, as unequall'd in blies;
And oh! if there be an Elysium on earth,
It is this, it is this.

Here maidens are sighing, and fragrant their sigh
As the flower of the Amra just op'd by a bee; ⁹³
And precious their tears as that rain from the sky, ⁹⁴
Which turns into pearls as it falls in the sea.
Oh! think what the kiss and the smile must be worth
When the sigh and the tear are so perfect in bliss,
And own, if there be an Elysium on earth,
It is this, it is this.

Here sparkles the nectar, that, hallowed by love, Could draw down those angels of old from their sphere,

Who for wine of this earth left the fountains above, 35
And forgot heav'n's stars for the eyes we have here.
And bless'd with the odour our goblet gives forth,
What spirit the sweets of his Eden would miss?
For oh! if there be an Elysium on earth,
It is this, it is this.

Dear aunt.

Dear aunt! in the olden time of love,
When women like slaves were spurn'd,
A maid gave her heart as she would her glove,
To be teaz'd by a fop, and—return'd;
But women grow wiser as men improve,
And though beaus like monkeys amuse us,
Oh! think not we'd give such, a delicate gem
As the heart, to be play'd with or sullied by them;
No—dearest aunt! excuse us.

We may know by the head on Cupid's seal
What impression the heart will take;
If shallow the head, oh! soon we feel
What a poor impression 'twill make.
Though plagued, heaven knows! by the foolish zeal
Of the fondling fop who pursues me,
Oh! think not I'd follow their desperate rule,
Who get rid of the folly by wedding the fool;
No—dearest aunt! excuse me,

Fly to the Desert.

Fly to the desert, fly with me,
Our Arab tents are rude for thee;
But oh! the choice what heart can doubt
Of tents with love or thrones without?

Our rocks are rough, but smiling there Th' acacia wayes her yellow hair, Lonely and sweet, nor lov'd the less For flowering in a wilderness.

Our sands are bare, but down their slope. The silvery-footed antelope. As gracefully and gaily springs. As o'er the marble courts of kings.

Then come—thy Arab maid will be The lov'd and lone acacia tree, The antelope, whose feet shall bless With their light sound thy loneliness.

Oh! there are looks and tones that dart
An instant sunshine through the heart,
As if the soul that minute caught
Some pleasure it through life had sought;

As if the very lips and eyes
Predestin'd to have all our sighs,
And never be forgot again,
Sparkled and spoke before us then!

So came thy every glance and tone, When first on me they breathed and shone; New as if brought from other spheres, Yet welcome as if lov'd for years!

Then fly with me—if thou hast known No other flame, nor falsely thrown A gem away that thou hast sworn Should ever in thy heart be worn.

Come, if the love thou hast for me Is pure and fresh as mine for thee, Fresh as the fountain under ground, When first 'tis by the lapwing found, 96.

But if for me thou dost forsake Some other maid, and rudely break Her worshipp'd image from its base, To give to me the ruined place;—

Then, fare thee well—I'd rather make My bower upon some icy lake, When thawing suns begin to shine, Than trust to love as false as thine!

From Chindara's warbling.

From Chindara's warbling fount I come, 97 Call'd by that moonlight garland's spell; From Chindara's fount, my fairy home, Where, in music, morn and night I dwell; Where lutes in the air are heard about, And voices are singing the whole day long, And every sigh the heart breathes out Is turn'd, as it leaves the lips, to song! Hither I come. From my fairy bome, And if there's a magic in music's strain, I swear by the breath Of that moonlight wreath, Thy lover shall sigh at thy feet again, For mine is the lay that lightly floats, And mine are the murmuring, dying notes, That fall as soft as the snow on the sea,

And the passionate strain that, deeply going, Refines the bosom it trembles through, As the musk-wind, over the water blowing, Ruffles the wave but sweetens it too!

And melt in the heart as instantly!

Mine is the charm, whose mystic sway The spirits of past delight obey;— Let but the tuneful talisman sound, And they come. like genii, hovering round.

d.

And mine is the gentle song that bears,
From soul to soul the wishes of love,
As a bird, that wafts through genial airs
The cinnamon seed from grove to grove. 98
'Tis I that mingle in one sweet measure,
The past, the present, and future of pleasure;
When memory links the tone that is gone
With the blissful tone that's still in the ear;
And hope from a heavenly note flies on
To a note more heavenly still that is near!

The warrior's heart, when touch'd by me, Can as downy soft and as yielding be As his own white plume, that high amid death Thro' the field has shown—yet moves with a breath:

And oh! how the eyes of Beauty glisten,
When Music has reach'd her inward soul,
Like the silent stars, that wink and listen
While heav'n's eternal melodies roll!
So, hither I come
From my fairy home,
And if there's a magic in Music's strain,
I swear by the breath
Of that moonlight wreath,
Thy lover shall sigh at thy feet again.

Farewell.

Farewell—farewell to thee, Araby's daughter!
(Thus warbled a Peri beneath the dark sea)
No pearl ever lay, under Oman's green water,
More pure in its shell than thy spirit in thee.

Oh! fair as the sea-flower close to thee growing,

How light was thy heart till love's witchery came,
Like the wind of the south o'er a summer lute blowing,99

And hush'd all its music and wither'd its frame!

But long upon Araby's green sunsy highlands,
Shall maids and their lovers remember the doom
Of her who lies sleeping among the Pearl Islands,
With nought but the sea-star to light up her tomb. 100

And still, when the merry date season is burning,

And calls to the palm-groves the young and the
old, 101

The happiest there, from their pastime returning, At sunset will weep when thy story is told.

The young village maid, when with flowers she dresses.

Her dark-flowing hair for some festival day,
Will think of thy fate, till, neglecting her tresses,
She mournfully turns from the mirror away.

Now shall Iran, belov'd of her hero! forget thee?—
Though tyrants watch over her tears as they start,
Close, close by the side of that hero she'll set thee,
Embalm'd in the innermost shrine of her heart.

Farewell!—be it ours to embellish thy pillow
With every thing beauteous that grows in the deep;
Each flower of the rock, and each gem of the billow,
Shall sweeten thy bed, and illumine thy sleep.

Around thee shall glisten the loveliest amber
That ever the sorrowing sea-bird has wept; 102
With many a shell, in whose hollow-wreath'd chamber,
We Peris of ocean by moonlight have slept.

We'll dive where the gardens of coral lie darkling, And plant all the rosiest stems at thy head; We'll seek where the sands of the Caspian are sparkling, 103

And gather their gold to strew over thy bed.

Farewell—farewell—until Pity's sweet fountain

Is lost in the hearts of the fair and the brave,
They'll weep for the chieftain who died on that mountain,
They'll weep for the maiden who sleeps in this wave.

Girl, dost thou know me?

Girl, dost thou know me? Oh! what a wooer! Slave! thou'rt below me! This wig will undo her. Oh, curse your grinning! This lock so winning! Ma'am, if you giggle thus, And treat my wig ill thus, I'll let you shortly know who am I. A handsome lover this! You sha'nt get over this; This laugh will end me quite: Pray heaven send it might! Ha, ha, ha, hah! hah, hah! How the fool makes me laugh! Oh, I shall die! But you shall weep for this fun by-and-by.

I know where the wing'd.

I know where the wing'd visions dwell
That around the night-bed play;
I know each herb and flow'ret's bell,
Where they hide their wings by day.
Then hasten we, maid,
To twine our braid,
To-morrow the dreams and flowers will fade.

The image of love, that nightly flies
To visit the bashful maid,
Steals from the jasmine flower, that sighs
Its soul, like her, in the shade.
The hope, in dreams, of a happier hour
That alights on misery's brow,
Springs out of the silvery-almond flower,
That blooms on a leafless bough. 104
Then hasten we, maid,
To twine our braid,
To-morrow the dreams and flowers will fade.

The visions that oft to worldly eyes
The glitter of mines unfold;
Inhabit the mountain herb, that dyes 105
The tooth of the fawn like gold.
The phantom shapes—oh touch not them—That appal the murderer's sight,
Lurk in the fleshly mandrake's stem,
That shrieks when torn at night!
Then hasten we, maid,
To twine our braid,
To-morrow the dreams and flowers will fade.

The dream of the injur'd, patient mind,
That smiles at the wrongs of men,
Is found in the bruis'd and wounded rind
Of the cinnamon, sweetest then!
Then hasten we, maid,
To twine our braid,
To morrow the dreams and flowers will fade.

Here is the lip that betrayed.

Here is the lip that betray'd,
Here is the blue eye that warm'd:
Lips for bewildering made!
Eyes for enamouring form'd!
While on her features I gaze,
And trace every love-moulded line,
Memory weeps o'er the days
When I fancied her faithfully mine.
Hope bids me dream of bright days
And fancy her faithfully mine.
Here's the glance that inspir'd—
Here is the blush that deceived:
Glances too wildly admir'd!
Blushes too fondly believ'd!
While on her features, etc.

Orator Puff.

Mr. Orator Puff had two tones in his voice,

The one squeaking thus, and the other down so;
In each sentence he utter'd he gave you your choice,
For one half was B alt. and the rest G below.

Oh! oh! orator Puff,
One voice for one orator's surely enough.

But he still talk'd away, spite of coughs and of frowns, So distracting all ears with his ups and his downs, That a wag once, on hearing the orator say 'My voice is for war,' ask'd him, which of them pray? Oh! oh! etc.

Reeling homewards, one evening, top-heavy with gin, And rehearsing his speech on the weight of the crown,

He tripp'd near a saw-pit, and tumbled right in,

'Sinking fund' the last words as his noddle came down,

Oh! oh! etc.

- Good lord! he exclaimed, in his he-and-she tones,
- ' Help me out, help me out, I have broken my bones!'
- 'Help you out!' said a Paddy who pass'd, 'what a bother!
- 'Why there's two of you there; can't you help one another?'

Oh! oh! &c.

Paradise and the Peri.

One morn a Peri at the gate
Of Eden stood, disconsolate;
And as she listen'd to the springs
Of life within, like music flowing,
And caught the light upon her wings
Through the half-open portal glowing,

She wept to think her recreant race Should ever have lost that glorious place!

- " How happy," exclaim'd this child of air.
- " Are the holy spirits who wander there,
 - " Mid flowers that never shall fade or fall;
- "Though mine are the garden of earth and sea,
- " And the stars themselves have flowers for me,
 - "One blossom of heaven out-blooms them all!
- "Though sunny the Lake of cool Cashmere,
- "With its plane-tree isle reflected clear, 106
 - " And sweetly the founts of that valley fall;
- "Though bright are the waters of Sing-su-hay,
- " And the golden floods that thitherward stray, 107
- "Yet oh! 'tis only the blest can say
 - " How the waters of heaven outshine them all!
- "Go, wing thy flight from star to star,
- " From world to luminous world, as far
 - " As the universe spreads its flaming wall."

Robert Rumble.

Robert Rumble, a poet of lyric renown,

Hey, scribble—hy, scribble, ho!

Was invited to dine with a squire out of town,

With his hey, scribble—hy, scribble, ho!

His nag had a string halt, as well as his lyre,

So he mounted and rode to the house of the squire,

Who was one of those kind-hearted men that keep hounds

Just to hunt off the vermin from other men's grounds, With my bey, scribble—hy, scribble, ho! The huntsmen that morning had bought an old hack,
Hey, scribble—hy, scribble, ho!
To cut up, as a delicate lunch for the pack,
With my hey, scribble—hy, scribble, ho!
But who can describe Robert Rumble's dismay,
When the squire, after dinner, came smirking to say,
That instead of the dog-horse, some hard-hearted wag
Had cut up, by mistake, Robert Rumble's lean nag,
With his hey, scribble—hy, scribble, ho!

- But comfort yourself,' said the squire to the bard, Hey, scribble—hy, scribble, ho!
- 'There's the dog-horse still standing alive in the yard,'
 With my hey, scribble—hy, scribble, ho!
 Then they saddled the dog-horse, and homeward he set,
 So suspiciously eyed by each dog that he met,
 That you'd swear, notwithstanding his cavalry airs,
 They suspected the steed he was on should be theirs,
 With my hey, scribble—hy, scribble, ho!

Arriv'd safe at home, to his pillow he jogs,
Hey, scribble—hy, scribble, ho!
And dreams all the night about critics and dogs,
With his hey, scribble—hy, scribble, ho!
His nag seem'd a Pegasus, touch'd in the wind,
And the curs were all wits of the true cynic kind,
Who, when press'd for a supper must bite ere they sup,
And who ate Robert Rumble's poor Pegasus up,
With a hey, scribble—hy, scribble, ho!

Spirit of joy.

Spirit of joy! thy altar lies
In youthful hearts, that hope like mine,
And 'tis the light of laughing eyes
That leads us to thy fairy shrine.
There, if we find the sigh, the tear,
They are not those to sorrow known,
But breath so soft, and drops so clear,
That bliss may claim them for her own.
Then give me, give me, while I weep,
The sanguine hope that brightens wo,
And teaches e'en our tears to keep
The tinge of rapture while they flow.
And teaches e'en our tears to keep
The tinge of rapture while they flow.

The child who sees the dew of night
Upon the spangled hedge at morn,
Attempts to catch the drups of light,
But wounds his finger with the thorn.
Thus, oft the brightest joys we seek
Dissolve when touch'd, and turn to pain;
The flush they kindle leaves the cheek,
The tears they waken long remain.
But give me, give me, while I weep,
The sanguine hope that brightens wo,
And teaches e'en our tears to keep
The tinge of rapture while they flow.

Says Sammy the tailor to me.

Says Sammy, the tailor, to me,
As he sat with his spindles crossways,
"'Tis bekase I'm a poet, you see,
That I kiver my head with green baize!"
So, says I, "for a sample I begs,"
And I'm shot if he din't produce, sir,
Some crossticks he wrote on his legs,
And a pastern ode to his goose, sir,
Oh, this writing and reading!

'Tis all a fine conjuration,
Made for folks of high breeding,
To bother themselves and the nation!

There's Dick, who sold wine in the lane,
And old Dicky himself did not tope ill;
But politics turned his brain,
And a place he call'd Constantinople.
He never could sit down to dine,
But he thought of poor Turkey, he said, sir,
And swore while he tippled his wine,
That the Porte was ne'er out of his head, sir,
Oh, this writing and reading! &c.

The grocer, Will Fig, who so fast
Through his ciphers and figures could run ye,
By gum! he has nothing, at last,
But the ciphers to show for his money.

The barber, a scollard, well known
At the sign of a wig hanging from a tree,
Makes ev'ry head like his own,
For he cuts them all up into geometry!
Oh, this writing and reading! &c.

Oh Liberty.

Though sacred the tie that our country entwineth,
And dear to the heart her remembrance remains,
Yet dark are the ties where no liberty shineth,
And sad the remembrance that slavery stains.
Oh, thou! who wert born in the cot of the peasant,
But diest of languor in luxury's dome,
Our vision, when absent—our glory when present,
Where thou art, oh Liberty! there is my home.

Farewell to the land where in childhood I wander'd,
In vain is she mighty, in vain is she brave!
Unblest is the blood that for tyrants is squander'd,
And fame has no wreaths for the brow of the slave.
But hail to thee, Albion! who meets the commotion
Of Europe as calm as thy cliffs meet the foam;
With no bonds but the law, and no slave but the ocean,
Hail Temple of Liberty! thou art my home.

Roat Glee.

The song, that lightens the languid way,
When brows are glowing,
And faint with rowing,
Is like the spell of Hope's airy lay,
To whose sound through life we stray.
The beams that flash on the oar awhile,
As we row along through waves so clear,
Illume its spray, like the fleeting smile
That shines o'er sorrow's tear.

Nothing is lost on him, who sees
With an eye that feeling gave:
For him there's a story in ev'ry breeze,
And a picture in ev'ry wave.
Then sing, to lighten the languid way;
When brows are glowing,
And faint with rowing:
'Tis like the spell of Hope's airy lay,
To whose sound through life we stray.

To sigh, yet feel no pain.

To sigh, yet feel no pain,

To weep, yet scarce know why;

To sport an hour with Beauty's chain,

Then throw it idly by;

To kneel at many a shrine,
Yet lay the heart on none;
To think all other charms divine,
But those we just have won;
This is love—careless love—
Such as kindleth hearts that rove.

To keep one sacred flame
Through life, unchill'd, unmov'd;
To love, in wintry age the same
That first in youth we lov'd;
To feel that we adore
To such refined excess,
That though the heart would break with more,
We could not live with less;
This is love—faithful love,—
Such as saints might feel above!

The Light-house.

The scene was more beautiful far to my eye,

Than if day in its pride had array'd it,

The land-breeze blew mild, and the azure arch'd sky

Look'd pure as the Spirit that made it:

The murmur rose soft as I silently gaz'd

In the shadowy waves' playful motion,

From the dim distant hill, till the light-house fire blaz'd

Like a star in the midst of the ocean.

No longer the joy of the sailor-boy's breast
Was heard in his wildly-breath'd numbers,
The sea-bird had flown to her wave-girdled nest,
The fisherman sunk to his slumbers:
One moment I look'd from the hill's gentle slope,
All hush'd was the billows' commotion,
And thought that the light-house look'd lovely as hope
That star of life's tremulous ocean.

Yet time is long past, and the scene is afar,
Yet when my head rests on its pillow,
Will memory sometimes rekindle the star
That blaz'd on the breast of the billow:
In life's closing hour, when the trembling soul flies,
And death stills the heart's last emotion;
O then may the scraph of mercy arise,
Like a star on eternity's ocean.

Tell me not of joys above.

Tell me not of joys above,

If that world can give no bliss,

Truer, happier than the love

Which enslaves our souls in this!

Tell me not of Houris' eyes;
Far from me their dangerous glow,
If those looks that light the skies
Wound like some that burn below!

Who that feels what love is here, All its falsehood, all its pain, Would, for e'en Elysium's sphere, Risk the fatal dream again?

Who, that 'midst a desert's heat Sees the waters fade away, Would not rather die than meet Streams again as false as they?

There's a bower of roses.

There's a bower of roses by Bendemeer's stream, 103
And the nightingale sings round it all the day long;
In the time of my childhood 'twas like a sweet
dream,

To sit in the roses and hear the bird's song.

That bower and its music I never forget,

But oft when alone, in the bloom of the year,

I think—is the nightingale singing there yet!

Are the roses still bright by the calm Bendemeer?

No, the roses soon wither'd that hung o'er the wave, But some blossoms were gather'd, while freshly they shone,

And a dew was distill'd from their flowers that gave
All the fragrance of summer, when summer was
gone.

Thus memory draws from delight ere it dies,
An essence that breathes of it many a year;
Thus bright to my soul, as 'twas then to my eyes,
Is that bower on the banks of the calm Bendemeer!

There's a bliss.

There's a bliss beyond all that the minstrel has told,
When two, that are link'd in one heavenly tie,
With heart never changing and brow never cold,
Love on through all ills, and love on till they die!
One hour of a passion so sacred, is worth
Whole ages of heartless and wandering bliss;
And oh! if there be an Elysium on earth,
It is this, it is this!

To a lady on her singing.

Thy song has taught my heart to feel 'Those soothing thoughts of heavenly love, Which o'er the sainted spirits steal When listening to the spheres above.

When tir'd of life and misery, I wish to sigh my latest breath, Oh! Emma, I will fly to thee, And thou shalt sing me into death. And if along thy lip and cheek
That smile of heavenly softness play,
Which, ah! forgive a heart that's weak,
So off has stol'n my mind away.

. •

Thou'lt seem an angel of the sky,
That comes to charm me into bliss;
I'll gaze and die—who would not die,
If death were half so sweet as this!

When Lelia touch'd the lute.

When Leila touch'd the lute,
Not then alone 'twas felt,
But, when the sounds were mute,
In memory still they dwelt.
Sweet lute! in mighty slumbers
Still we heard thy morning numbers.

Ah, how could she, who stole
Such breath from simple wire,
Be led, in pride of soul,
To string with gold her lyre?
Sweet lute! thy cords she breaketh;
Golden now the strings she waketh!

But-where are all the tales
Her lute so sweetly told?
In lofty themes she fails,
And soft ones suit not gold.

Rich lute! we see thee glisten, But, alas! no more we listen!

When Charles was deceived.

When Charles was deceiv'd by the maid he lov'd,
We saw no cloud his brow o'ercasting,
But proudly he smiled, as if gay and unmov'd,
Tho' the wound in his heart was deep and lasting;
And often, at night when the tempest roll'd,
He sung as he paced the dark deck over,
"Blow, wind, blow! thou art not so cold
As the heart of a maid that deceives her lover!"

Yet he lived with the happy, and seem'd to be gay,
Tho' the wound but sunk more deep for concealing;
And fortune threw many a thorn in his way,
Which, true to one anguish, he trod without feeling!
And, still by the frowning of fate unsubdued,
He sung, as if sorrow had placed him above her,
"Frown, fate, frown! thou art not so rude
As the heart of a maid that deceives her lover!"

At length his career found a close in death,

The close he long wish'd to his cheerless roving,

For victory shone on its latest breath,

And he died in a cause of his heart's approving;

But still he remember'd his sorrow, and still

He sung, till the vision of his life was over,

"Come, death, come! thou art not so chill

As the heart of the maid that deceived her lover!"

When life looks lone and dreary.

When life looks lone and dreary,
What light can dispel the gloom?
When time's swift wing grows weary,
What charm can refresh his plume?
'Tis woman, whose sweetness beameth
O'er all that we feel or see;
And if man of heav'n e'er dreameth,
'Tis when he thinks purely of thee,
Oh, woman!

Let conquerors fight for glory—
Too dearly the meed they gain;
Let patriots live in story,
Too often they die in vain.
Give kingdoms to those who choose 'em,
This world can offer to me
No throne like beauty's bosom,
No freedom like serving thee,
Oh, woman!

Young Love lived once in an humble shed.

Young Love liv'd once in an humble shed,
Where roses breathing,
And woodbines wreathing
Around the lattice their tendrils spread,
As wild and sweet as the life he led.
His garden flourish'd,
For young Hope nourish'd
The infant buds with beams and showers;
But lips, though blooming, must still be fed,
And not even Love can live on flowers.

Alas! that poverty's evil eye
Should e'er come hither,
Such sweets to wither!
The flowers laid down their heads to die,
And Hope fell sick as the witch drew nigh.
She came one morning,
Ere Love had warning,
And rais'd the latch, where the young god lay;
"Oh ho!" said Love—" is it you? good by;"
So he open'd the window, and flew away!

Song of the Angel.

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men."—Luke ii. 14.

Array'd in clouds of golden light,

More bright than heaven's resplendent bow,
Jehovah's angel came by night,

To bless the sleeping world below!

How soft the music of his tongue!
How sweet the hallow'd strains he sung!
"Good-will henceforth to man be given;"
The light of glory beams on earth;
Let angels tune the harps of heaven,
And saints below rejoice with mirth:
On Bethlehem's plains the shepherds sing,
And Judah's children hail their King!

The grief of Judah.

Hush'd is the voice of Judah's mirth— And Judah's minstrels too are gone; The harps that told Messiah's birth, And hung on heav'ns eternal throne.

Fled is the bright and shining throng
That swell'd on earth the welcome strain,
And lost in air, the choral song
That floated wild on David's plain.

For dark and sad is Bethlehem's fate, Her valleys gush with human blood; Despair sits mourning at her gate, And murder stalks in frantic mood.

At morn, the mother's heart was light, Her infant bloom'd upon her breast, At eve, 'twas pale and wither'd quite, And gone to its eternal rest. Weep on, ye childless mothers, weep!
Your babes are hush'd in one cold grave!
In Jordan's stream their spirits sleep,
Their blood is mingled with the wave.

Hark, the vesper hymn is stealing.

Now like moonlight waves retreating,
To the shore it dies along,
Now like angry surges meeting,
Breaks the mingled tide of song.
Hark again, like waves retreating,
To the shore it dies along,
Hark again, etc.
To the shore, etc.

NOTES.

1 Remember the glories of Brien the Brave.

Brien Borombe, the great Monarch of Ireland, who was killed at the battle of Clontarf, in the beginning of the eleventh contury, after having defeated the Danes in twenty-five engagements.

- ² Though, lost to Mononia, and cold in the grave. Munster.
 - 3 He returns to Kinkora no more.

The palace of Brien.

4 Forget not our wounded companions, who stood.

This alludes to an interesting circumstance related of the Dalgais, the favourite troops of Brien, when they were interrupted in their return from the battle of Clontarf by Fitzpatrick, Prince of Ossory. The wounded men entreated that they might be allowed to fight with the rest. "Let stakes," they said, "be stuck in the ground; and suffer each of us, tied to and supported by one of these stakes, to be placed in his rank by the side of a sound man." "Between seven and eight hundred wounded men," adds O'Halloran, "pale, emaciated, and supported in this manner, appeared mixed with the foremost of the troops!—Never was such another sight exhibited."—History of Ireland, Book XII. chap. i.

5 When he who adores thee.

These words allude to a story in an old Irish manuscript, which is too long and too melancholy to be inserted here,

6 In times of old, through Ammon's shade Solis Fons, near the Temple of Ammon.

7 One chord from that harp, or one lock from that hair.

"In the twenty-eighth year of the reign of Henry VIII. an act was made respecting the habits and dress in general of the Irish, whereby all persons were restrained from being shorn or shaven above the ears, or from wearing glibber. or couldse, (long locks) on their heads, or hair on the upper lip, called crommeal On this occasion a song was written by one of our bards, in which an Irish virgin is made to give the preference to her dear coulds (or the youth with the flowing locks) to all strangers, (by which the English were meant.) or those who wore their habits Of this song the air alone has reached us, and is universally admired "—Walker's Historical Memotrs of Irish Bards, page 134 Mr. Walker informs us also, that about the same period, there were some harsh measures taken against the Irish Minstrels.

8 Rich and rare were the gems she wore.

This ballad is founded upon the following anecdote:—"The people were inspired with such a spirit of honour, virtue, and religion, by the great example of Brien, and by his excellent administration, that, as a proof of it, we are informed that a young lady of great beauty, adorned with jewels and a coetty dress, undertook a journey alone, from one end of the kingdom to the other, with a wand only in her hand, at the top of which was a ring of exceeding great value: and such an impression had the laws and government of this monarch made on the minds of all the people, that no attempt was made upon her honour, nor was the robbed of her clothes or jowels."—Warner's History of Ireland, Vol. I. Book X.

• The Meeting of the Waters.

"The Meeting of the Waters" forms a part of that beautiful scenery which lies between Rathdrum and Arklow, in the county of Wicklow; and these lines were suggested by a visit to this romantic spot in the summer of the year 1807.

10 As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet.
The rivers Avon and Overs.

11 St. Senanus.

In a metrical life of St. Senanus, which is taken from an old Kilkenny MS. and may be found among the Acta Sanctorum Hibernia. we are told of his flight to the island of Scattery, and his resolution not to admit any woman of the party; he refused to receive even a sister saint. St. Cannera, whom an angel had taken to the island, for the express purpose of introducing her to him. The following was the ungracious answer of Senanus, according to his poetical biographer:—

Cui Præsul quid fæminis Commune est cum monachis, Nec te nec ullam aliam Admittemus in insulam.

See the Acta Samet. Hib page 610.

According to Dr. Ledwich, St. Senanus was no less a personage than the river Shannon; but O'Connor, and other antiquaries, deny this metamorphose indignantly.

12 Air-The Twisting of the Rope.

I had not sufficiently considered the structure of this delightful air, when I asserted that it was too wild for words of a regular metre.

13 Where weary travellers love to call.

"In every house was one or two harps, free to all travellers, who were the more caressed the more they excelled in music."—
O'Halloras.

14 We're fallen upon gloomy days.

I have endeavoured here, without losing that Irish character which it is my object to preserve throughout this work, to allude to that sad and ominous fatality, by which England has been deprived of so many great and good men, at a moment when she most requires all the aids of talent and integrity.

15 Thou, of the hundred fights.

This designation, which has been applied to Lord Nelson before, is the title given to a celebrated Irish hero, in a poem by O'Gnive, he Bard of O'Nial, which is quoted in the Philosophical Survey of the South of Ireland, page 433. "Con, of the hundred fights, eleep in thy grass-grown tomb, and upbraid not our defeats with thy victories!"

16 Truth, peace, and freedom hung!

Fox " ultimus Romanorum "

16# Air-Unknown.

Our claim to this air has been disputed; but they, who are best acquainted with National Melodies, pronounce it to be Irish. It is generally known by the name of "The pretty girl of Derby, O!"

17 When Malachi wore the collar of gold.

"This brought on an encounter between Malachi (the Monarch of Ireland in the 10th century) and the Danes, in which Malachi defeated two of their champions, whom he encountered successively hand to hand, taking a collar of gold from the neck of one, and carrying off the aword of the other, as trophies of his victory."—Warner's History of Ireland, vol. i. book 9.

18 Led the Red-Branch Knights to danger.

"Military orders of knights were very early established in Ireland: long before the birth of Christ, we find an hereditary order of chivalry in Ulster, called Cu-sidhe sa Craoibhe rusidh, or the Knights of the Red Branch, from their chief seat in Emania, adjoining to the palace of the Ulster Kings, called Teagh sa Craoibhe rusidh, or the Academy of the Red Branch; and contiguous to which was a large hospital founded for the sick knights and soldiers, called Bron-bhsarg, or the House of Sorrowful Soldier."—O'Halloran's Introduction, &c. part. i. chap 5.

19 On Lough-Neagh's bank, as the fisherman strays.

It was an old tradition, in the time of Giraldus, that Lough-Neagh had been originally a fountain, by whose sudden overflowing the country was inundated, and a whole region, like the Atlantis of Plato, overwhelmed. He says, that the fishermen, in clear weather, used to point out to strangers the tall ecclesiastical towers under the water.—" Piscatores aque illius turres ecclesiasticas, que more patriz arctz sunt et altz, necnon et rotundz, sub undis

manifeste, sereno tempore conspiciunt et extraneis transcuntibus reique causas admirantibus frequenter ostendunt."—Topogr. Hib. Dist. li. c. 9.

20 The song of Fionnuala.

To make this story intelligible in a song, would require a much greater number of verses than any one is authorized to inflict upon an audience at once; the reader must, therefore, be content to learn, in a note, that Fionnuala, the daughter of Lir, was, by some supernatural power, transformed into a Swan, and condemned to wander, for many hundred years, over certain lakes and rivers in Ireland, till the coming of Christianity, when the first sound of the mass-bell was to be the signal of her release. I found this fanciful fiction among some manuscript translations from the Irish, which were begun under the direction of that enlightened friend of Ireland, the late Countess of Moira.

21 And daylight and liberty bless the young flower.

Mrs H. Tighe, in her exquisite lines on the Lily, has applied this image to a still more important subject.

22 Oh! blame not the bard.

We may suppose this apology to have been uttered by one of those wandering bards, whom Spenser so severely, and perhaps truly, describes in his "State of Ireland," and whose poems, he tells us, "were sprinkled with some pretty flowers of their natural device, which gave good grace and comellness unto them; the which it is great pity to see abused to the gracing of wickedness and vice, which, with good usage, would serve to dorn and beautify virtue"

23 Might have bent a proud bow, to the warrior's dart.

It is conjectured by Wormius, that the name of Ireland is derived from Yr, the Runic for a bow, in the use of which weapon the Irish were once very expert. This derivation is certainly more creditable to us than the following:—"So that Ireland (called the Land of Ire, for the constant broils therein for 400 years, was now become the Land of Concord."—Lloyd's State Worthies, Art. The Lord Grandison.

24 Like the wreath of Harmodius, should cover his sword.

See the Hymn, attributed to Alcaus.

Εν μυετε κλαδι το ξιφος φορκσω.

"I will carry my sword, hidden in myrtles, like Harmodius and Aristogiton," &c.

25 Which near our planet smiling came.

Of such celestial bodies as are visible, the sun excepted, the single moon, as despicable as it is in comparison to most of the others, is much more beneficial than they all put together.—Whiston's Theory, &c.

In the "Entretiens d'Ariste," among the other ingenious emblems we find a starry sky without a moon, with the words "Non mille, quod absens."

26 The brook can see no moon but this.

This image was suggested by the following thought, which occurs somewhere in Sir William Jones's works:—

"The moon looks upon many night-flowers; the night flowers see but one moon."

27 May we pledge that horn in triumph round.

"The Irish Corna was not entirely devoted to martial purposes; in the heroic ages our ancestors quaffed Meadh out of them, as the Danish hunters do their beverage to this day."—Walker.

28 We have but to make love to the lips we are near.

I believe it is Marmontel who says, "Quand on n'a pas ce que l'on aime, il faut aimer ce que l'on a." There are so many matter-of-fact people, who take such jeux d'esprit as this defence of inconstancy, to be the actual and genuine sentiments of him who writes them, that they compel one, in self-defence, to be as matter-of-fact as themselves, and to remind them, that Democritus was not the worst physiologist for having playfully contended that anow was black, nor Erasmus in any degree the less wise for having written an ingenious encomium of folly.

29 Where shineth thy spirit, there liberty shineth (ou!

"Where the spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty."—St. Paul, 2 Corinthians iii. 17

30 It is not the tear at this moment shed.

These lines were occasioned by the loss of a very near and dear relative, who died lately at Madeira.

31 Fell over her white arm, to make the gold strings!

This thought was suggested by an ingenious design, prefixed to an Ode upon St. Cecilia, published some years since, by Mr. Hudson of Dublin.

32 The Prince's Day.

This song was written for a fête in honour of the Prince of Wales's birth-day, given by my friend, Major Bryan, last year, (1810,) at his seat in the county of Kilkenny.

33 Than to remember thee, Mary!

I have here made a feeble effort to imitate that exquisite inscription of Shenstone's—" Heu! quanto minus est cum reliquis versari quam tui meminisse!"

34 By that Lake, whose gloomy shore.

This ballad is founded upon one of the many stories related of St. Kevin, whose bed in the rock is to be seen at Glendalough, a most gloomy and romantic spot in the county of Wicklow.

35 Skylark never warbles o'er.

There are many other curious traditions concerning this Lake, which may be found in Giraldus, Colgan, &c.

36 Air-Crooghan a Venee.

The name of this beautiful and truly Irish air, is, I am told, properly written "Cruschân na Fêine," i.e. the Fenian Mount, or Mount of the Finnian Heroes, those brave followers of Finn MacCool, so celebrated in the early history of our country.

The words of this song were suggested by the very ancient Irish story, called " Deirdri, or the lamentable Fate of the Sons of Us-Back." which has been translated literally from the Gaelic, by Mr. O'Flanagan (see vol I. of Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Dublin,) and upon which it appears that the "Darthula" of Macpherson is founded. The treachery of Connor, King of Ulster, in putting to death the three sons of Usna, was the cause of a'desolating war against Ulster, which terminated in the destruction of Eman. " This story (says O'Flanagan) has been from time immemorial held in high repute, as one of the three tragic stories of the Irish. These are, 'The Death of the Children of Touran,' 'The Death of the Children of Lear,' (both regarding Tuatha de Danans.) and this, 'The Death of the Children of Usnach,' which is a Milesian story."—It will be recollected that, in the second number of these Melodies, there is a ballad upon the story of the Children of Lear or Lir:-" Silent, oh Moyle!" &c.

Whatever may be thought of those sanguine claims to antiquity, which Mr. O'Fianagan and others advance for the literature of Ireland, it would be a very lasting reproach upon our nationality, if the Gaelic researches of this gentleman did not meet with all the liberal encouragement which they merit.

- 37 By the red cloud that hung over Conor's dark dwelling
- "Oh Naisi! view the cloud that I here see in the sky! I see over Eman green a chilling cloud of blood-tinged red."—Deirdri's Song.
 - 38 When Ulad's three champions lay sleeping in gore.
 Ulster.
 - 39 And neglected his task for the flowers on the way.
 Proposito florem prætulit officio.—Propert. lib. i. eleg. 20.

40 A triple grass.

Saint Patrick is said to have made use of that species of the trefoil, to which, in Ireland, we give the name of Shamrock, in explaining the doctrine of the Trinity to the Pagan Irish I do no know if there be any other reason for our adoption of this plant as a national emblem. Hope, among the ancients, was sometimes represented as a beautiful child, "standing upon tiptoes, and a trefoil or three-coloured grass in her hand."

41 I think, oh my love! 'tis thy voice from the kingdom of souls.

"There are countries," says Montaigne, "where they believe the souls of the happy live in all manner of liberty, in delightful fields; and that it is those souls repeating the words we utter, which we call Echo."

42 Through Morna's grove.

" Steal silently to Morna's grove."

See a translation from the Irish, in Mr Bunting's collection, by John Brown, one of my earliest college-companions and friends, whose death was as singularly melancholy and unfortunate, as his life had been amiable, honourable, and exemplary.

43 The song of O'Ruark, Prince of Breffni.

These stanzas are founded upon an event of most melancholy importance to Ireland; if, as we are told by our Irish historians, it gave England the first opportunity of dividing, conquering, and enslaving us. The following are the circumstances, as related by O'Halloran. "The King of Leinster had long conceived a violent affection for Dearbhorgil, daughter to the King of Meath; and though she had been for some time married to O'Ruark, Prince of Breffni, yet could it not restrain his passion. They carried on a private correspondence, and she informed him that O'Ruark intended soon to go on a pilgrimage (an act of piety frequent in those days) and conjured him to embrace that opportunity of conveying her from a husband she detested to a lover she adored. Mac Murchad too punctually obeyed the summons, and had the lady conveyed to his capital of Ferns." The monarch Roderic espoused the cause of O'Ruark, while Mac Murchad fled to England, and obtained the assistance of Henry II.

"Such," adds Giraldus Cambrensis (as I find him in an old translation,) "is the variable and fickle nature of woman, by whom all mischiefs in the world (for the most part) do happen and come, as may appear by Marcus Antonius, and by the destruction of Troy."

44 You remember Ellen.

This ballad was suggested by a well-known and interesting story, told of a certain noble family in England.

45 Air-Cuishlih ma chree.

The following are some of the original words of this wild and singular air; they contain rather an odd assortment of grievances:— Cuishlih ma chree,

Did you but see

How, the rogue, he did serve me:—(bis)

He broke my pitcher, he spilt my water,

He kiss'd my wife, and he married my daughter

O! Cuishlih ma chree! &c.

46 Been like our Lagenian mine.

Our Wicklow gold mines, to which this verse alludes, deserve, I fear, the character here given of them.

47 Has Hope, like the bird in the story.

"The bird having got the prize, settled not far off, with the talisman in its mouth. The prince drew near it, hoping it would drop it, but, as he approached, the bird took wing, and settled again," &c.—Arabian Nights, story of Kummiral Zummaun and the Princess of China.

48 Like him, the sprite.

This alludes to a kind of Irish fairy, which is to be met with, they say, in t e fields, at duak. As long as you keep your eyes upon him, he is fixed and in your power; but the moment you look away (and he is ingenious in furnishing some inducement) he vanishes. I had thought that this was the sprite which we call the Leprechaun; but a high authority upon such subjects, Lady Morgan (in a note upon her national and interesting novel, O'Donnel,) has given a very different account of that goblin.

49 At once, like a sun-burst, her banner unfurl'd.

44 The Sun-burst" was the fanciful name given by the ancient Irleh to the Royal Banner.

50 The cold chain of silence had hung o'er thee long.

In that rebellious but beautiful song, "When Erin first rose," there is, if I recollect right, the following line:—

"The dark chain of silence was thrown o'er the deep."

The chain of silence was a sort of practical figure of rhetoric among the ancient Irish. Walker tells us of a celebrated contention for precedence between Finn and Gaul, near Finn's palace at Almhaim, where the attending Bards, anxious, if possible, to produce a cessation of hostilities, shook the chain of silence, and flung themselves among the ranks." See also the "Ode to Gaul, the Son of Morni," in Miss Brooks's Reliques of Irish Poetry.

51 'Mid desolation tuneful still.

Dimidio magicæ rescuant ubi Memnone chordæ, Atque vetus Thebe centum jacet obruta portis.—Juvenal.

51 Air-Limerick's Lamentation.

Our right to this fine air (the "Lochaber" of the Scotch) will, I fear, be disputed; but, as it has been long connected with Irish words, and is confidently claimed for us by Mr. Bunting and others, I thought I should not be authorized in leaving it out of this collection.

- 52 Tho' the nymphs may have livelier posts to sing them.
 Tous les babitans de Mercure sont vits.—Pluralité des Mondes.
 - 53 And look, in their twilights, as lovely as you.

La Terre pourra être pour Vénus l'étoile du berger et la mère des amours, comme Vénus l'est pour nous.—Pluralité des Mondes.

54 Written on the river St. Lawrence.

I wrote these words to an air which our boatmen sang to us very frequently. The wind was so unfavourable that they were obliged to row all the way, and we were five days in descending the river from Kingston to Montreal, exposed to an intense sun during the day, and at night forced to take shelter from the dews in any miserable hut on the banks that would receive us. But the magnificent scenery of the St. Lawrence repays all these difficulties.

Our voyageurs had good voices, and sung perfectly in tune together. The original words of the air to which I adapted these stan zas, appeared to be a long incoherent story, of which I could understand but little, from the barbarous pronunciation of the Canadians. It begins,

> Dans mon chemin j'ai rencontér Deux cavaliers três-bien montés,

And the refrain to every verse was,

A l'embre d'un bois je m'en vais joucr,

A l'ombre d'un bois je m'en vais danser.

I ventured to harmonize this air, and have published it. Without that charm which association gives to every little memorial of scenes or feelings that are pass, the melody may, perhaps, be thought common and trifling; but I remember when we have entered, at sunset, upon one of those beautiful lakes into which the St. Lawrence so grandly and so unexpectedly opens, I have heard this simple air with a pleasure which the finest compositions of the first masters have never given me; and now, there is not a note of it which does not recall to my memory the dip of our oars in the St Lawrence, the flight of our boat down the rapids, and all those new and fanciful impressions to which my heart was alive during the whole of this very interesting voyage.

The above stanzas are supposed to be sung by those voyageurs, who go to the Grand Portage by the Utawas River. For an account of this wonderful undertaking, see Sir Alexander Mackenzie's General History of the Fur Trade, prefixed to his Journal.

55 Yes, sad one of Sion-if closely resembling.

Those verses were written after the perusal of a treatise by Mr. Hamilton, professing to prove that the Irish were originally Jews.

- 56 And " while it is day yet, her sun has gone down."

 Hersun is gone down while it was yet day.—Jerem. xv. 9.
- 57 Ah, well may we call her, like thee, " the forsaken." Thou shalt no more be termed Forsaken.—Isaiah lxii. 4.

58 When that cup, which for others the proud Golden City.

How hath the oppresor ceased ! the Golden City ceased.—Isaiah xiv. 4.

59 The Lady of Kingdoms lay low in the dust.

Thy pomp is brought down to the grave——and the worms cover thee —Isaiah xiv 11. Thou shalt no more be called the Lady of Kingdoms.—Id. xivii. 5.

66 To freeze mid Hecla's snow.

Paul Zeland mentions, that there is a mountain in some part of Iceland, where the ghosts of persons who have died in foreign lands walk about and converse with those they meet like living people. If asked why they do not return to their homes, they say they are obliged to go to Mount Hecla, and disappear immediately.

61 Air-Unknown.

I have heard that this air is by the late Mrs. Sheridan. It is supp to the beautiful old words,

" I do confess thou'rt smooth and fair."

62 Her love, thy fairest heritage.

I have left mine heritage; I have given the dearly-beloved of my soul into the hands of her enemies.—Jerem. xii. 7.

63 Her power thy glory's throne.

Do not disgrace the throne of thy glory.-Jerem. xiv. 21.

64 Thy long-loved olive-tree.

The Lord called thy name a green olive-tree; fair and of goodly fruit, &c.—Jerem. xi 16

65 Like heath that in the wilderness.

For he shall be like the heath in the desert -Jerem. Evil 6.

66 And raze to earth her battlements.

Take away her battlements; for they are not the Lord's-Jerem. v. 10.

87 And Hinnom's vale of slaughter.

Therefore, behold the days come, saith the Lord, that it shall no more be called Tophet, nor the Valley of the Son of Hinnom, but the Valley of Slaughter; for they shall bury in Tophet till there be no place.—Jerem. vii. 32.

68 Saint Jerome's Love.

These lines were suggested by a passage in St Jerome's reply to some calumnious remarks that had been circulated upon his intimacy with the matron Paula. "Numquid me vestes serice, nitentes gemme, picta facies, aut auri rapult ambitio? Nulla fuit alia Romæ matronarum, quæ meam possit edomare mentem, nisi lugens atque jejunans, fictu pene cæcata."—Epist. "Si tibi putem."

To mourn her frailty, still is frail. Ου γας κευσοφορειν, την δακομασαν δε. Chrysost. Homil. 8, in Epist. ad Tim.

70 The bird, let loose in eastern skies.

The carrier pigeon, it is well known, flies at an elevated pitch, in order to surmount every obstacle between her and the place to which she is destined.

⁷¹ Mourn not for her, the young Bride of the Vale.

This second verse, which I wrote long after the first, alludes to the fate of a very lovely and amiable girl, the daughter of the late Colonel Bainbrigge, who was married in Ashbourne church, October 31, 1815, and died of a fever in a few weeks after; the sound of her marriage-bells seemed scarcely out of our ears when we heard of her death. During her last delirium, she sung several hymns, in a voice even clearer and sweeter than usual, and among them were some from the present collection, (particularly, "There's

nothing bright but Heaven,") which this very interesting girl had often heard during the summer.

72 And silent thoughts my only prayer.

Pii orant tacité.

73 Air-Anison.

I have so altered the character of this air, which is from the beginning of one of Avison's old-fashioned concertos, that, without this acknowledgment, it could hardly, I think, be recognised.

74 For the Lord hath look'd out from his pillar of glory.

And it came to pass, that in the morning-watch, the Lord looked unto the bost of the Egyptians, through the pillar of fire and of the cloud, and troubled the host of the Egyptians.—Exod. xiv. 24.

75 Lord! thou rememb'rest the night, when thy Nation.

And it came between the camp of the Egyptians and the camp of Israel; and it was a cloud and darkness to them, but it gave light, by night to these.—Exod. xiv. 20. My application of this passage is borrowed from some late prose writer, whose name I am ungrateful enough to forget.

⁷⁶ On Egypt thy pillar frown'd dark desolation.

Instead of "on Egypt" here, it will suit the music better to sing "on these;" and in the third line of the next verse, "while shrouded" may, with the same view, be altered to "while wrapp'd."

77 "Love much"—and be forgiven.

Her sins, which are many, are forgiven, for she loved much.— St. Luke vii. 47.

78 Which hides the nations now.

And he will destroy in this mountain the face of the covering east over all people, and the well that is spread over all nations.— Isaiah xxv. 7.

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79 Of his rebuke shall lie.

The rebuke of his people shall he take away from off all the earth.—Isaiah xxv. 8.

80 Be wip'd from every eye.

And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; neither shall there be any more pain.—Rev. xxi. 4

81 And all be new again.

And he that sat upon the throne said, Behold, I make all things new.—Rev. xxi. 5

82 In peace by all who come.

And whosever will, let him take the water of life freely.— Rev. xxii. 17.

83 The Palm-tree's heavenly branch we twine.

The Scriptures having declared, that the Temple of Jerusalem was a type of the Messiah, it is natural to conclude that the Palms, which made so conspicuous a figure in that structure. represented that Life and Immortality which were brought to light by the Gospel —Observations on the Palm, as a sacred Emblem, by W. Tighe.

84 We bless the flowers expanded all.

And he carved all the walls of the house round about with carved figures of cherublms, and palm-trees, and open flowers.—
1 Kings vi. 29.

85 Without their flames we wreathe the palm.

When the passover of the tabernacles was revealed to the great lawgiver in the mount, then the cherubic images, which appeared in that structure, were no longer surrounded by flames; for the tabernacle was a type of the dispensation of mercy, by which Jehovah confirmed his gracious covenant to redeem mankind.—Observations on the Palm.

86 Saint Augustine to his Sister.

In St. Augustine's treatise upon the advantages of a solitary life, addressed to his sister, there is the following fanciful passage, from which, the reader will perceive, the thought of this song was taken:—"Te, soror, nunquam role esse securam, sed timere semperque tuam fragilitatem habere suspectam, ad instar pavidæ columbæ frequentare vivos aquarum et quasi in speculo accipitris cernere supervolantis effigiem et cavere Rivi aquarum sententiæ sunt scripturarum, quæ de limpidissimo sapientiæ fonte profluentes, &c. &c."—De Vit. Eremit. ad Sororem.

87 A Temple to Friendship.

The thought is taken from a song by Le Prieur, called, "La Statue de l'Amitié."

- 88 Should these fond hopes e'er forsake thee.
 The metre of the words is here necessarily sacrificed to the air.
 - 89 And when I called thee by names the dearest.

The thought in this verse is borrowed from the original Portuguese words.

99 When maidens sing sweet barcarolles.

Barcarolles, sorte de chansons en langue Vénitienne, que chanent les gondoliers à Vénise—Rousseau, Dictionnaire de Musique

- 91 Why, them—I would rather lay here, gra. Placing his hand on his paunch.
- 92 Blue water-lilies, when the breeze.

 The blue lotos, which grows in Cashmere, and in Persia.
 - 23 As the flower of the Amra just op'd by a bee.

Delightful are the flowers of the Amra trees on the mountain tops, while the murmuring bees pursue their voluptuous toil—Song of Jadeva.

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94 And precious their tears as that rain from the sky.

The Nisan or drops of spring rain, which they believe to produce pearls if they fall into shells—Richardson.

95 Who for wine of this earth left the fountains above.

For an account of the share which wine had in the fall of the angels, v. Mariti.

96 When first 'tis by the lapwing found.

The hudhud, or lapwing, is supposed to have the power to discover water under ground.

97 From Chindara's warbling fount I come.

A fabulous fountain, where instruments are said to be constantly playing — Richardson.

98 The cinnamon seed from grove to grove.

The Pompadour pigeon is the species, which, by carrying the fruit of the cinnamon to different places, is a great disseminator of this valuable tree.—Vide Brown's Illustr. Tab. 19.

99 Like the wind of the south o'er a summer lute blowing.

This wind (the Samoor) so softens the strings of the lutes, that they can never be tuned while it lasts.—Stephen's Persia.

100 With nought but the sea-star to light up her tomb.

One of the greatest curiosities found in the Persian Gulf is a fish which the English call Star-fish. It is circular, and at night very luminous, resembling the full moon surrounded by rays—Mirza Abu Taleb.

101 And calls to the palm-groves the young and the old.

For a description of the merriment of the date-time, of their work, their dances, and their return home from the palm-groves at the end of autumn with the fruits, vide Kemfer, Amoenitat. Exot-

